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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

XVI.

A CLEVER ACTRESS.—(Continued.)

The young Frenchman and the mulatto had hardly quitted the room in which the interview had taken place, when a complete change came over Carmen. The expression of terror disappeared as if by magic from her face, and her sobs gave way to a joyous laugh as she broke into a fanciful fandango, snapping her fingers in time with the rhythm of the dance.

Just then the door opened and Morales appeared.

"Ah!" cried Carmen, stopping short, "here is my terrible brother! Here comes the ferocious tyrant whose dreaded approach puts my lover to flight!"

Then once more assuming a terrified look she threw herself with a supplicating air at her brother's feet, and cried in a voice broken by convulsive sobs:

"Oh, brother! my brother, have mercy on me! have mercy on your unhappy but innocent sister! Do not condemn me without having heard me! See, I am on my knees before you! Do not look so vengefully angry! I am too young to die yet! I have not dishonored our name! Oh, brother, in the name of our sainted mother who is looking down on us, do not misjudge me! Let me live! My only crime is having given away my heart, but I never forgot what I owe to the illustrious house of which you are head: The man I love is noble, generous and brave. He is in every way worthy of us. I could not help loving him. Do not be pitiless! You forgive me, do you not? Say that you forgive me!"

Morales, who had been listening to this outburst with a smile, applauded vehemently as it concluded.

"Bravo, sister! A moment more and I should have been touched. I was beginning to take the thing seriously, and was on the point of shedding tears. Do you know to look at you kneeling there with outstretched hands and streaming eyes one could swear that all you have been saying is gospel truth, that you are really to be pitied and I am to be feared. Upon my honor you remind me of the heroines in the tragico-comedies of our countrymen Calderon and Lope de Vega."

"Yes," returned Carmen rising, "I think I could play my part very well on the stage."

"And the audience would not have hands enough to applaud with."

"Well, it would be a resource to fall back on if we had no other strings to our bow."

"But we have," returned Morales triumphantly. "One or two, eh? We shall be people of quality, not actors."

"Were you there just now?"

"Yes, behind the hangings there," said the Gitano, pointing to the door by which he had entered.

"Then you heard everything?"

"Every word."

"You are satisfied with me then, I suppose, and with the way in which I sustained my role?"

"Admirable! I am in a state of perfect enthusiasm over it."

"So you think my chevalier's heart is stormed and his head turned?"

"How could it be otherwise, poor fellow?"

"Consequently you believe we shall succeed?"

"If I believe it, caramba! My faith is so strong that I do not regret my thousand dollars any more. In fact I am so well satisfied that I should not begrudge another five hundred, if it were absolutely necessary."

"Well," said Carmen laughing, "that is an incontestable proof of your satisfaction. It is evident that you are sure of the ten thousand dollars I promised you."

"And I shall have earned them, my good sister. That you cannot deny. You are a first class comedian I grant you, but I am a sufficiently clever stage manager I think. I managed to rent this house, already furnished in a manner that fully endorses your story of your position and your wealth; I engaged the mulatto, Berenice, the most adroit and most expert creature in Havana where clandestine messages and intrigues are concerned; I started a volante and a discreet calesero; in a word I neglected nothing that could in any way contribute to the success of your project."



"THE DOOR OPENED AND MORALES APPEARED."

"It is true. You managed very cleverly, and without any stint."

"Yes. And I am sufficiently acquainted with your goodness of heart and your sisterly love, my dear Carmen, to be easy for the future, for I am sure that you will not forget me when you are rich and great."

"What wonderful disinterestedness!" exclaimed Carmen sarcastically.

"What would you have? Everyone looks to his own little interests in this world. I too am ambitious."

"And I," returned Carmen, "am both ambitious and hungry. It is two in the morning. Let us go to supper."

"A capital idea! Will Madam de Najac allow me respectfully to offer her my arm?"

Carmen took her brother's arm and was led with much ceremony into the dining room where a magnificent cold repast was laid out, and the two sat down opposite each other.

We may remark in passing that Morales was so

completely metamorphosed, thanks to Carmen's precautions, as to be hardly recognisable. He no longer wore the black bandage which gave him such a fantastical appearance. His linen was immaculately white and exquisitely scented with the choicest perfumes, and his dark clothes, of an irreproachable though somewhat severe cut, concealed the extreme leanness of his person. Of course his bony, fleshless face still retained its singular expression, but in the circumstances in which he was now situated this singularity partook somewhat of distinction. A careless observer might have found something majestic in his hooked nose, and would perhaps have seen something solemn and diplomatic in his thin, retreating lips. A sword with a steel hilt, a very gentleman's sword, hung at his side in the place of the formidable rapier that had slain the Mexican Colonel, Don Ramirez de Mazatlan.

Thus be-costumed, Morales could have passed for a gentleman equally well as for a bandit, for

do not many Spanish noblemen resemble bandits just as much as gentlemen?

When the brother and sister had taken the edge off their appetites the conversation recommenced.

"So," said Carmen, "my dreams are about to be accomplished. To-morrow night, without any further delay I shall be the wife of a gentleman."

"It seems to me, sister," returned Morales, "that you are going too fast."

"Why too fast? Explain yourself."

"I will. In former days, when we were living in Spain, I used sometimes to while away my leisure hours by angling in the Mancañares—that is, when there was enough water in the Mancañares to angle in—"

"What are you talking about?" cried the girl. "I do not understand what that has to do with—"

"With your marriage with the Chevalier Tancred de Najac? It has everything to do with it, as you will see just now. As I was saying, I used to angle. Sometimes, but not often, I got a bite from some poor stray fish. If I was in a hurry to land it and drew in my line at once, ten to one the fish got off. But if I waited until he was safely hooked I was sure of him. Now do you understand?"

"You want me to wait until my chevalier is safely hooked."

"Precisely. The Chevalier de Najac left here crazed with love. Let three or four days pass without his receiving any news of you, and the poor gentleman will lose the little sense he has left. So when the decisive moment comes he will no longer have sharpness enough to penetrate the snare, prudence enough to avoid it, or even the desire, for that matter. He will play his part in our little comedy with the best faith in the world, and will insist that he is the happiest of men."

"And will he not be so?" cried Carmen, whose pride was wounded by her brother's words.

"He will, of course. But he might perhaps refuse the happiness that awaits him, if we did not make him jump at it."

"You are right. And though I find the delay insupportable I will wait."

"Wonderful!" cried Morales enthusiastically.

"For the first time in my life I hear common sense come from a woman's mouth!"

"I am obliged to you for the compliment," returned his sister.

After a moment's silence she spoke again.

"I should like to know one thing," she said musingly.

"What is that?"

"I should like to know what has become of Quirino, what he said on not finding us, and if he still nurses his schemes of revenge."

Morales turned deadly pale and looked anxiously around the room, as though he expected to see the bronzed figure of the Indian lurking in a corner.

"For mercy's sake, my sister," he exclaimed anxiously, "why do you mention that accursed name? You are filling my cup of joy with bitterness. The very thought of Quirino's threats has the effect of a horrible nightmare upon me; it spoils the happiness of my life; it breaks my night's rest; it presents to me the future in red and black, the colors of blood and mourning!"

"Coward!"

"That is easily said. Yes, caramba! I am a coward. And who would not be when it is a question of such a formidable danger which nothing can avert if Quirino happens to fall on our tracks?"

"Then you think he is looking for us?"

"I am as certain of it as I am that I see that flask of wine there."

"He will not find us."

"Alas! What astonishes me is that he has not already found us. These semi-savages, these half-civilized Indians are cleverer than bloodhounds at tracking one."

"Your fright makes you exaggerate."

"No, I see things as they are, and the proof of it is that if anyone could show me a lonely place where Quirino would pass at early dawn I would set myself in ambush and put a ball into him with the greatest comfort in the world."

"It would be a vile, cowardly murder! It would be infamous!"

"Caramba! Those are big words. And by what name, pray, would you call Quirino's action were he to discover us and kill us?"

"I should call it revenge. After all I was unfaithful to him."

"That is possible. But if you were, I was innocent, and yet I don't see that he will spare me any more than he will you. However, I have one hope left, and that is that we shall find means to leave Havana with your husband and reach France before this madman gets on our trail."

"I must first get married, and I am not that yet."

"You will be in four days, and four days are soon passed. But until then we must keep close, for it is a matter of life and death."

As Morales uttered these words the noise of a closing door made him start in his chair. His teeth chattered, his hands trembled, and great drops of perspiration started out on his bald forehead.

"Oh, my God!" he murmured. "Perhaps it is he! It is Quirino! Oh, may Our Lady of the Pillar and Saint James of Compostella have mercy on my soul. Pray, Carmen, pray. *Pater noster—Ave Maria—Credo in unum Deum.*"

Carmen herself turned pale, but her fright did not last long, for the innocent cause then entered the room.

It was the mulatto Berenice returning after taking Tancred back to the Lameda.

XVII.

HOW TO MARRY ONE'S SISTER.

Carmen followed to the letter the plan proposed by Morales in the preceding chapter, and the result fully justified the provisions of the *cl-devant* angler of the Manzaneros. Three days passed without bringing Tancred any news from his unknown enchantress—three days which he spent in a fever of love and impatience, neither eating nor sleeping, with Carmen's name on his lips and her rose, now faded and unsightly enough, on his heart.

On the fourth day a *cargador*, or stevedore, brought him a note which the man said he had received from a mulatto woman. Tancred dismissed him with a *douceur* that made him open his eyes, and feverishly tore open the paper. It contained but one line.

"To-night, at midnight, at the Lameda."

At the hour appointed the Frenchman met the mulatto at the rendez-vous agreed upon, was again driven off blindfolded, and in a few minutes he found himself face to face with Carmen, who was more charming and more radiant than ever. Tancred fell upon his knees before the girl.

"Oh, how I love you! What agonies of suspense I have endured!"

"I too love you," returned the girl, raising her lover, "and I have suffered as much as you."

The two sat side by side and engaged in a long, delicious, half-murmured conversation, which, however, it is not our intention to repeat. It is only necessary to say that Carmen gave her lover a sketch of her history and position. She was, she said, an orphan, and dependent on her brother, the seigneur Don Guzman Morales y Tulipano, a dispossessed Spanish nobleman who would, however, soon recover his rights. This brother was fearfully jealous of the honor of his name, and was not a man to pardon an error or ever to overlook a false step. He placed his sister under strict surveillance, which, however, she had managed to evade for the love of Tancred, and thanks to the connivance of her nurse Berenice, Don Guzman was engaged in administering the immense estates he and his sister owned in Cuba, previous to returning to Europe.

"Oh, Carmen! Carmen!" cried the young man passionately, "I would you were poor and of humble race!"

"For what reason?"

"My life is yours, I am bound up in you! But seeing you so great and so rich how shall I ever dare to ask your brother your hand, and even should I muster up courage enough to ask him what proof have I that he will accept me as his kinsman?"

"My brother cannot wish to see me die," returned Carmen, "and die I should were he to withhold his consent. My heart is yours, Tancred, and will never be any one's but yours. I am your wife in the sight of God."

One could almost have believed that these words were a signal, for hardly had they been uttered when a harsh voice was heard crying outside in a fury:

"There is a man hidden in this house—a man who would rob me of my honor! He shall never get out alive! Watch all the doors and windows! If he tries to escape shoot him! I will take care of his accomplice!"

"It is my brother!" ejaculated the girl in a terrified, despairing voice, "We are lost!"

"Not yet," returned Tancred, drawing his sword. "Your brother shall only reach you over my dead body. As long as I live I will defend you, Carmen."

"Defend me? You cannot! My brother is not alone! His servants are with him, armed! No, no! We are lost! My beloved, we will die together!"

As she spoke, Carmen threw herself sobbing into Tancred's arms, and in her terror clutched him convulsively so as to impede his movements.

"Carmen, Carmen," whispered the young man, "for heaven's sake let me go! I shall

need all my strength! Let me go or we are lost!"

But Carmen, to all appearance bewildered with terror, only held on the tighter, and the chevalier, not daring to remove her by force, cursed from the bottom of his heart the feminine terrors which rendered him powerless.

At this moment the door opened and Morales appeared, with a haughty, pitiless mien that boded ill for the Frenchman. Under his right arm he carried a naked sword, and in his left hand a long pistol.

On seeing his sister flitting at the officer's feet with her arms clasped around him, a sinister smile lit up Morales's cadaverous face. He stopped short at the door in a theatrical attitude.

"What!" he cried, fiercely, rolling his eyes, "this is all that the descendant of one of the oldest houses of Spain cares for her honor! Oh, that such a humiliation should have been reserved for me! I have but one sister, over whom I have watched like a father! I believed her to be pure as the angels in heaven, chaste as the blessed Madonna, and now I find her in the arms of a lover!"

"Senor!" Tancred broke out vehemently, "you are insulting the most angelical being that ever trod this earth! Insulting her in a most cowardly manner and without any cause!"

"Silence!" thundered Morales. "Your turn will come shortly! Carmen!" he continued, "you belong to a family in which disgrace can only be washed out in blood. As the head of that family I hold from God the right and the power to judge and condemn you. I do judge you, and I find you guilty. I have pronounced your sentence from which there is no appeal. Command your soul to God, Carmen, for you must die!"

On hearing these terrible words the girl raised her head from her lover's shoulder.

"My brother," she exclaimed in a scarcely audible voice, "have mercy on me!"

"I have no mercy for a guilty, shameless girl," sternly returned Morales.

"Brother, I swear to you before God, I swear to you by the memory of our mother, that I am innocent!"

"And I swear it on my honor," added Tancred.

"Silence!" cried Morales once more. "I have already told you that your turn will come!"

"Then, cruel and blinded man," returned the Frenchman, "if you must have blood, here I am, defenceless in your hands; kill me, but spare your sister, who, I swear to you again, is guiltless."

"Oh, brother, believe him!" cried Carmen. "I am pure and innocent, but if nothing but blood will satisfy you, take mine and spare my beloved, for he has respected the honor you wish to avenge!"

"You shall both die!" exclaimed Morales with a melodramatic gesture.

Carmen fell on her knees with outstretched hands, in the attitude in which she had greeted her brother on the night of the first interview with Tancred.

"Don Guzman," she sobbed out, "God placed you at the head of our family and gave you the right of life and death over me, but over me alone. You have not the right to kill my husband!"

Morales started back in well-feigned amazement.

"Your husband!" he cried. "Your husband! What is that you are saying?"

"It is the truth!"

"That is impossible! You are not married! This man is a stranger!"

"We pledged our troth in the sight of Heaven, Before God I have sworn to be his, and before God he has sworn to be mine."

"And we are ready to renew these sacred vows before a priest," put in Tancred.

Morales smiled contemptuously. He drew himself up in front of the Frenchman, the head thrown back, chest inflated, and one hand on the hip.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked contemptuously, eyeing Tancred from head to foot. And without giving the other time to answer he continued:

"Do you know that I am the high and puissant lord Don Guzman Morales y Tulipano? Do you know that the Tulipanos date from the year eight hundred and are of better race than the King?"

"I know it," replied Tancred.

Once more Morales started back in astonishment. Thrice he raised and let fall his long arms in token of increasing amazement.

"You know it," he continued, "and you have the audacity to pretend to the hand of a daughter of our house?"

"Yes, senor."

Morales drew a long breath.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Are you at least a gentleman?"

"Certainly. I belong to an old and noble family."

"Your country?"

"France."

"Your name?"

"Tancred de Najac."

"Profession?"

"Officer of His Majesty's frigate 'Thunderer'."

Morales made a slight bow.

"Hm! France is a country for which I certainly have a great respect. Its nobility are illustrious, indeed. And the navy is an honorable calling. But I am not acquainted with you, senor, and your mere word is insufficient. Can you give me a proof that what you say is the truth?"

"I cannot, certainly, just at present."

"Ah! And how is that?"

"I am a stranger here, no one in Havana is aware of my official position, and consequently I can give you no reference as to my identity."

"That is unfortunate—very unfortunate—extremely unfortunate! But you say you are an officer of the 'Thunderer'?"

"Yes, senor, I am."

"Well, if that is the case you will have your commission. Let me see it and I am satisfied. And since I must, in order to avoid bloodshed, and to efface the stain on our honor, I will give you Carmen's hand."

"Senor," returned Tancred in dismay, "I know beforehand that you will doubt my word."

"Why so? What incredible story are you going to tell me now?"

"My commission—"

"Well, what of it?"

"I have not got it."

"What do you mean, you have not got it?" "I carried it in a small pocket-book that I always wore about me and which I have lost."

Morales's face wore a hideous grin. "Decidedly your story is too clumsy for belief. I would have passed it over from a gentleman, for a gentleman could have given me satisfaction. But I never forgive an impostor. You shall have the time to address a prayer to your patron saint, if you have one," and Morales leveled his pistol at Tancred's head.

"So you do not believe me?" asked the Frenchman with the air of a man who had resigned himself to his fate.

"No! A hundred times no! I do not believe you!"

"Well, senor, take my life. But you will have cause to regret your cruel and fatal mistake, for you will soon know that I am telling the truth."

Carmen threw herself between the two.

"He shall know it this instant!" she cried, drawing from her bosom the little wallet she had found on Tancred on the night of his accident in the *Café du Paseo*.

"Here, brother, take this! Read it and judge for yourself!"

Morales unfolded the paper his sister held out to him and cast his eyes over it. As he read his face softened, and when he had finished it he handed it with a bow to Tancred, who was completely dumbfounded at the turn matters had taken in his favor.

"Monsieur the Chevalier," said Morales, "when I think I am in the right I make straight for my aim whatever obstacles may be in the way. That is my character. But when I find that I am in the wrong no one is more ready to acknowledge it than myself. This is the position in which I now find myself. Monsieur the Chevalier, I confess that I used you harshly and I beg to apologise. I regret extremely having used strong language to you. If my apologies are not sufficient, we each have his sword, and I shall be happy to give you any satisfaction you may think fit."

"No, no!" cried Carmen, once more clinging to her lover. "You must not accept his offer. I forbid you! I beg you not to do so! He is my brother! You must respect him! You must learn to love him! If your sword were to spill one drop of his blood I should never forgive you."

"Do not be uneasy, my beloved," said the Chevalier, returning his sword to its scabbard. "Your brother has nothing to fear from me." Then turning to Morales he continued: "I have nothing to forgive, senor, and your apologies are quite unnecessary, for your language was addressed, not to me, but to a stranger whom you suspected and by whom you fancied you were offended. Only allow me, now that you can have no doubt as to my identity, to claim the promise you made just now."

"Oh!" said Morales, "that is understood. Carmen is yours. After this night's scandal you could leave this house only as a dead man or a married man."

"Then," cried Tancred, radiant with joy, "my marriage with Carmen—"

"Will take place at once. I am not a man to live an hour longer with a stain on my escutcheon. Oh, I know what you are about to say. My sister is innocent; you have been the most discreet and respectful of lovers! I am willing to believe it. I do believe it. But the stain is there, none the less; it must be effaced, and at once."

Tancred was in bliss. Carmen modestly hung her head, doubtless to hide the tell-tale sparkle of her eyes.

Morales lost no time in summoning Berenice, who made her appearance in evident alarm as to what was about to happen.

"As every thing has turned out well," he said to her, as she stood humbly before him, "I shall say nothing, though you deserve to be publicly whipped and branded. But it is of no use saying any more about it. Send the servants to bed."

"Yes, senor."

"And go to the neighboring convent, where you will ask the prior on a matter of the highest importance and which cannot be delayed. If you send him my name he will see you at once. Tell him that I am waiting for him. Bring him here, and light the tapers in my sister's oratory."

"Yes, senor."

"Now go, and make haste about it. Show as much energy and alacrity in obeying me now as you have done in disobeying me."

Berenice left the room hanging her head. "Monsieur the Chevalier," continued Morales seating himself in one corner of the room, "there is nothing to prevent you talking freely to Carmen. I am only here for the sake of propriety, which no one respects more than I,

but I shall not be in your way. My sister is your betrothed and in a few minutes will be your wife."

"Ah, senor," cried Tancred energetically, "how can I ever express my gratitude?"

"Hush, hush!" said Morales grandly, "not another word on the subject. You owe me no gratitude. Perhaps I should have accepted you as my brother-in-law with the utmost satisfaction, if you had asked me for my sister's hand. But you did not. Under the present circumstances I am not giving you my sister, I am letting you take her, which is not at all the same thing. To save my outraged honor I had to choose one of two things, either your death or your marriage, and I chose the latter, because it was the most complete and least perilous satisfaction, that is all."

"I understand you, senor. But I am none the less grateful, for instead of receiving my death-blow at your hands I receive perfect happiness. If my life did not belong to Carmen I would willingly give it for you."

Morales wiped two unreal tears from his eyes. "Come," said he, feigning to obey an irresistible impulse, "you are certainly a noble young man, and I regret nothing of what has happened. You are worthy of me. Everything is forgotten. Come to my arms, my brother! Come to my arms!"

And the two embraced with the greatest fervor.

Carmen in the meantime sat silent and thoughtful. Notwithstanding her complete triumph, notwithstanding the success of all her plans, she felt sorry, humiliated at seeing the gentleman whose name she was about to assume play with such good faith his dupe's part in the comedy she had prepared. She thought Morales was going too far. But he had not done yet.

"My dear chevalier," said he, "the situation is agreeably changed. I no longer take you on sufferance. I accept you willingly, and I believe from the bottom of my heart that I would have chosen you for my sister's husband. In a few moments your happiness will be complete. I will not insult you by bringing up pecuniary matters at such a time—between people like us there is no necessity for such talk. I shall never marry and my sister will inherit all I possess. Between her, yourself and myself all things shall be in common. What belongs to one belongs to all—that is decided."

"Senor," returned Tancred, "you are too generous. I do not know if I ought to agree to this."

"You must. Mere delicacy will compel you to do so. You would hurt my feelings by refusing, and you would hurt Carmen's feelings too. I swear to you, on the faith of a Hidalgo, that if you were richer than me I should have no scruple in using your fortune as though it were mine."

"Well, senor, if this is the case I agree."

"And you will remember your promise. You will never forget it?"

"Never!"

"That is right. Not another word on the subject."

A low knock was heard at the door.

"Is it you, Berenice?" asked Morales.

"Yes, senor."

"Come in and let us hear how you have acquitted yourself of your task."

"Senor, the reverend father has arrived, and the tapers are lit in the oratory."

"Where is the holy man?"

"In the oratory."

"We will join him in one moment. Come, Carmen, do not keep the reverend father waiting."

"Give me one minute, brother," said the girl tripping out of the room and throwing a Partisan glance at Tancred as she disappeared.

Before the minute had passed Carmen returned. On her glossy black hair she had placed a wreath of pure white roses, a fitting emblem, which she had doubtless prepared beforehand for the occasion. She was more intensely beautiful than ever and Tancred mechanically gave her his arm as one in a dream. The soft pressure of her hand on his wrist alone assured him that he was not dreaming.

At one end of a small room which had been converted into an oratory, a hearty-looking monk was kneeling before a hastily improvised altar on which a score of lights were twinkling.

During the day Berenice had been despatched to a neighboring convent to make arrangements for the presence of the prior shortly after midnight for the purpose of celebrating a marriage, and as there was nothing unusual in this, in the then state of society in the island, the worthy father was found at his post when required.

As Morales, Carmen and Tancred entered the oratory, the monk rose and lost no time in commencing the nuptial ceremony.

Tancred and Carmen pronounced the solemn "I will."

"In the sight of God I pronounce you man and wife," said the prior. "*Crescite et multiplicamini.* Go and be happy."

"My children, my dear children," cried Morales pathetically, as he wiped away an invisible shower of tears, "Heaven bless you both! Come to my arms, for I must press you to my heart."

"My husband," whispered Carmen in Tancred's ear, "I love you."

"I am dreaming," murmured Tancred. "I am dreaming."

(To be continued.)

SPOONS AND SPARKS.

A broad and sinuous line of river, bright with the full sunshine of a September noon, here bordered with meadows, there fringed with low woods, and winding toward the clustered roofs of a distant town. Two wherries drifting idly in the shadow of hemlocks and pines, while their prone and meditative occupants watch the lazy wreaths of smoke curl above the bowls of their pipes.

Of these two individuals the one nearest the sunshine is David Whipple, a Bostonian, aged nineteen, fair-haired, fair-skinned, and six feet two. The other, lying at full length, with his cap pulled low over a pair of dark eyes, is of slighter make and more vivacious expression; this is Ernest Walch, a young Virginian.

Fifteen minutes of silence had evidently tried the latter's patience excessively. He had frightened several turtles back to their watery haunts, had whistled to birds, and apostrophized flies. He finally pocketed his pipe and sat erect, with the remark,

"I say, Davy!"

"Well?"

"I saw Miss Wentworth, to-day."

That this announcement possessed some interest in the mind of the youth called Davy may be surmised from the fact that he too suddenly sat erect; but he only said, as he slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, "Humph."

"You'd have said something besides 'Humph' if you had seen her. She rode past our hotel!"

"And I presume you mooned after her in your usual style."

"Very near it, I admit," rejoined the other, with a shrug. "The case is unique. I never before tried for a month unsuccessfully to gain an introduction to a lady. But I shall succeed yet."

"I'll wager anything you choose," was the reply, emphasized by a flourish of the pipe, "that I'll have an introduction first, after all!" and the speaker faced his friend with the last trace of indifference banished from his countenance.

"Safe enough to wager where neither is likely to win," commented his companion.

"That's as one thinks. I consider my winning as certain as—as that I can reach the stone bridge two miles down the river at least a minute in advance of you."

"Done!" exclaimed the Virginian, with a laugh and a quick straightening of his lithe figure. "The loser in the race abandons his chances, eh?"

"Just so."

In two minutes the wherries were abreast, and their owners ready for a start. The next, they swept off down the stream, pulled evenly and easily. Both the young men were powerful rowers. Ernest had the most effective stroke, David greater reserves of strength. It was pretty to see the wherries dart through shadows and sunshine, past bold wooded curves and banks gay with golden-rod. Their progress during the first ten minutes was quiet, but at the beginning of the second mile it became more lively. Laborers in the fields on either hand paused to watch as the wherries shot by, and now the red jacket, now the blue, seemed gaining. For a while the fates favored David, and he won half a boat's length in a quarter of a mile. Then Ernest bent more gallantly to his oars, and regained. But in the next quarter he lost again, and David's greater strength told steadily against him.

When they were on the last half mile, a long straight stretch with the bridge before dwarfed by distance, they pulled like two young giants. David's teeth were set, and every muscle in play. Ernest's cap had fallen, and his black eyes gleamed triumphantly as he noted that each determined stroke brought him nearer his first position. Independently of its puerile cause, the race was magnificent. There happened to be but one spectator of its close. This was a gray-haired gentleman, who, seeing the two boats sweep around the upper curve of the river, checked his horse on the bridge.

They came in grandly, darting like birds through the smooth water, straight and swift for the bridge. The intent watcher leaned far over the rails, and as both bows simultaneously swerved on opposite sides of the central stone pier, uttered an involuntary "Hurrah!" that was like an electric shock to the two excited rowers beneath.

"By George!" gasped David, trying his best for breath, "we hit the pier in the same second."

Ernest, in no condition to dispute or to assent, replied by a nod, and the ejaculation:

"Tough one, wasn't it?"

"Who's the party on the bridge?"

Ernest was saved an answer by the appearance of the "party," who scrambled down an embankment and approached radiantly.

"Pretty well done, young gentlemen! Haven't seen such a race since my college days. Pretty evenly matched. Now I should have said," with a glance from the powerful David to his slighter companion, "that this young man had an advantage, but it seems not."

"Walch makes up in science what he lacks in strength," said David, magnanimously, grounding his boat.

Ernest imitated his friend's example, remarking that "with all the science he could muster, he had rarely won a race with Davy."

"A fine sight it was, indeed!" resumed their enthusiastic friend. "I used to be remarkably fond of boating before I got my flesh—remarkably. Some of my pleasantest hours have been passed on the Charles River."

"On the Charles? You were a Cambridge student, then? We belong to that persuasion," rejoined David.

"Harvards, are you? I'm glad to hear it. Glad to have met you. Allow me to introduce myself—name's Wentworth; place is about a quarter of a mile from here. My carriage is on the bridge: come and take a glass of wine with me, and have a chat about college affairs."

The faces of the two recipients of this invitation were studies. The name was Wentworth, was it? Ernest pulled his cap lower to hide the twinkle in his eyes, and David abruptly picked up the spoons of his wherry. Neither had an idea of refusing, though Ernest murmured something about appearance, boating costume, etc., which objection was promptly overruled by their new friend.

"Boats are perfectly safe. I'll send a man down to attend to 'em. Dress is all right," puffed the old gentleman, pulling himself up the embankment by means of a wiry shrub. "Jump in; jump in!"

Five minutes' driving brought our friends to the Wentworth place, the goal of their desires, an ancient stone mansion set in the midst of extensive grounds. On the way up the avenue the two visitors were electrified by seeing the flutter of muslin skirts on the terrace. Immediately after both had a vision of blue eyes and curls and a dainty figure, and found themselves bowing confusedly to "my daughter Ella," the divinity of their worship.

Both gentlemen were in a maze most of the afternoon. They had wine in the shady dining-room, through the windows of which they caught glimpses of beds of bright autumn flowers. They had stores of jovial anecdotes from their host. Then they had music in the parlors, and sweet commonplaces from Miss Wentworth.

When our two friends were set down on the piazza of their hotel at seven o'clock that evening both stood motionless, watching the carriage of their new acquaintance rolling away. As it disappeared they first faced each other blankly, then, by common impulse, burst into a fit of laughter. The inaugural remark was made by Ernest.

"This beats any thing I ever heard of!"

"It does. We're even, Walch. Neither of us won the race, and neither of us won the wager."

"Curious enough!" rejoined Ernest, soliloquizing, as he turned away. "I wonder which will win the lady?"

The enlightened reader must have anticipated results. Our colleagues were not original in their love-making. The odd feature in the case was the *dual* love-making. The changes were rung on riding, boating, music, croquet, and billiards for three weeks. At the end of that time, unfortunately for their friendly feelings, they found themselves as even in this race for a lady's favor as they had been in the memorable race down the river. Both were prodigious—and equal—favorites with Mr. Wentworth, both received gracious smiles from Miss Wentworth, both made the greatest efforts to please, and spent the whole of their pocket-money in the attempt.

I do not know precisely when their friendship became a memory; but at the end of those three weeks they were enemies, who endured each other for the sake of appearance when they met at the Wentworths' house, but outside it never exchanged a word, and regarded each other loweringly at meals and in passage-ways. To add to the complications of the affair, the 28th of September approached, bringing with it the dreaded necessity of returning to Cambridge.

The days flew by, and each delayed until the morrow before putting his fate to the test. On the 27th both must go, and the 28th found each resolute to ask the question, that had become all-important to both, on the 28th.

The 28th came, and with it a violent autumn storm. Instead of proceeding to the Wentworth mansion for a morning's croquet, our heroes found themselves reduced to despair. David misanthropically kept his room. Ernest lounged around the stables till dinner-time, played billiards half the afternoon, then took a survey from the window, and formed a desperate resolve. Immediately after supper, at which David did not appear, he put on heavy boots, borrowed a cloak of the landlord, and started through a sea of mud, in a pouring rain, and in the face of a furious northeaster, for the Wentworths'.

Looking back at David's lighted windows, he thought, with pardonable triumph, that for once he had stolen a march upon his rival; but his triumph changed to perturbation when he finally stood, a mud bespattered and drenched individual, ringing the Wentworths' door-bell. His spirits rose, however, at sight of the cozy library, where Mr. Wentworth, in dressing-gown and slippers, sat before an open wood fire, and Miss Ella, seated on a cricket, was occupied in popping corn. The latter rose with a blush and smile of welcome.

"Please excuse papa and me. We were having one of our old-fashioned evenings."

"Delighted to see you, my boy!" chimed in Mr. Wentworth, adding, with uncomfortable solicitude, "And where's Mr. Whipple?"

"I really don't know what Davy is doing with himself this evening," responded Ernest, seating himself on the other side of the fire, and wishing Mr. Wentworth in the arctic regions. "I, for my part, couldn't reconcile myself to leave town without spending my last evening with you"—these words accompanied by a significant glance at the young lady.

"Your coming is a perfect godsend—a perfect godsend!" was the hopelessly brisk response.

"I don't know anything duller than a September

storm. I wish your friend was here; but never mind; we'll make an evening of it."

Accordingly the hospitable old gentleman rang for fruit and wine and cigars, and gave full freedom to his garrulous tongue. Ernest was in despair. Reminiscences and stories and jokes succeeded one another, while he was obliged to laugh and answer and take hopeless notes of the fire-light gleams netted in the brown curls opposite, the downcast, the snowy hands busy with the tassels of a coquettish silk apron, and the tiny slipper resting on a flower in the hearth-rug.

Periodical glances at the clock told Ernest that it was half past eight, then that it was nine. He formed the second desperate resolve of the day, and began to talk about his travels. He gave a long and intensely prosy account of his life in Paris, using all the French he could think of. Mr. Wentworth had never traveled, but evince polite attention. Ernest, with unflagging zeal, went on with Germany and Italy. His host nodded with waning interest. Ernest was about to attempt Russia, when a snore delighted his ears.

The young lady nervously resumed her corn-popping, vainly trying to hide a smile. The fire was dying down. Ernest hastened to assist her, seized the tongs, and raised a heavy log; as he raised it, a brand fell out upon the hearth, and broke in pieces, sending a shower of fiery sparks over the pretty figure on the cricket. Each uttered a suppressed exclamation. Miss Wentworth shook her curls hastily, and Ernest shook the little silk apron and much-beruffled skirt. He shook it so vigorously that a letter dropped out of the pocket, and lay before him, address upward; but he did not heed the letter, for somehow he had mistaken the young lady's hand for her apron, and still held it, though the sparks were only black specks. He was in the midst of an incoherent but earnest speech, saying something about wanting the right to protect her from all the troubles of life as he had protected her from those flying sparks, when the letter caught his eye. "Miss Ella Wentworth, D—, Massachusetts," in David's handwriting, unmistakably. That one glance showed him also that it was a drop-letter, and stamped September 26.

Ernest hesitated so noticeably in the middle of his speech that his listener glanced up at him in surprise, and caught his glance at the letter. She picked it up hastily, with a rosy blush and an exclamation that caused the old gentleman's drowsy eyes to open wide.

"Ahem! I believe," he observed, with the extra dignity sleepy persons often assume, "that I lost what you were last saying—about the Swiss patois, wasn't it?"

Poor Ernest! It was hard work to sit and hear the history of the old gentleman's last speculation after that; and many pleading glances were sent toward the flushed downcast face opposite him. At last, at eleven, he rose hopelessly to go. Helingered and lingered, finding continually last words to say, till the utter futility of delay discouraged him into seeking the door; but here the old gentleman, suddenly radiant with a new thought, detained him.

"Dear me! why, Nell, I had almost forgotten what we spoke of at dinner. Mr. Walch, we want you and your friend Whipple at Christmas-time, you know. You must give us a few days. Nell here is going to be married about that time, and you must both come to the wedding without fail. I dare say," he added, struck by the blankness of Ernest's face, "that you've never happened to hear of it before. Well, well, good news is always welcome, isn't it? Now I shall depend on you for a week at Christmas, and don't forget to invite your friend. Good-by, and good-luck to you, my boy!" and the hearty good-wisher followed him out upon the door-step to give a final hand-shake.

A half hour after, as David was pacing his chamber feverishly, his door opened, and a drenched and muddy figure presented itself, and remarked, hysterically, as it dropped a soaked cloak on the floor,

"Well, old fellow, we've come out even again. Neither of us won the race, neither won the wager, and neither has won the lady."

THE TRAINING OF DAUGHTERS.

It is quite possible to initiate a child into all the mysteries of the culinary art and of needle-work, and make her feel at every step delight in her progress. She may begin, "as a great privilege, let it be always understood, to make biscuit and cookies at eight years of age; a year or two after, she may be permitted to iron the old collars and bosoms, with a promise that when she learns how to do these well she may, perhaps, be indulged in ironing one of the nice shirts. As a reward for neatly hemming a handkerchief of her own she may be prompted to the honor of hemming a pillowslip for the best bed, and thus by insensible gradations, and without any hardship, she may become a good seamstress and a good cook. This method we have tried with black and white, with most admirable results.

Fault-finding does not form a part of the plan. The only punishment permissible is refusing to trust the apprentice with the higher kinds of work until inferior grades are performed perfectly, and when this is done praise and promotion accompany each other. If the child loves dress, this passion may be pressed into excellent service. A girl of fourteen ought to be able, with a neatly-fitting pattern, to cut and make her own dresses under the supervision of her mother. She can be taught how to lay the patterns down to the best advantage, how to apply

the scissors, and how to put the various parts together. Of course it requires patience on the part of both teacher and taught, but patience exercised in that direction brings its own great reward. When once a girl has thoroughly mastered any one accomplishment, as bread-making or plain sewing, other conquests will become comparatively easy; and as to all these capabilities, it is good that a woman bear the yoke in her youth.

At present the making of a dress and the material cost about alike, whether the fabric is calico or silk. If a girl can make her own dresses she can afford double the number she can have when she must have it done. Knowing this, how is it that so many mothers in limited circumstances will suffer their daughters to grow up ignorant of dressmaking, and increase so materially to them the burden of self-support?

The mother who encourages her daughter to become thoroughly familiar with all the details of housekeeping, including the mysteries of pickling and preserving, the management of the spring and fall campaigns of house-cleaning, and sewing, is serving her generation and those that come after. Competent mistresses almost invariably have good servants, orderly families, and loving husbands. Rarely does a first-class housekeeper, one who herself knows how to do every part of the housework, complain of incapable or inefficient servants, for, if they are ignorant, she can instruct them; if they do not know how to plan their work she can plan for them, and by reason of ignorance and incapacity she is never at the mercy of incompetent and dishonest help.

Whether a girl has talent for it or not, she ought to know how to put a house to rights, how to make a good loaf of bread, and, in general, how to perform all those offices on which her own physical health and comfort depend. In the entire absence of talent in this direction, a good thorough training will answer all practical purposes.

MAKE A PLAYROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

We want to beg of the mothers to make some provision for their children's amusement, not in the way of costly toys, but by giving them a place to play. It saves time and trouble, it saves your own and your children's temper. In many families a playroom could be given to the children with very little inconvenience. We know of a family where a little six by ten sewing-room, opening from the dining-room, is vacated every winter when the cold drives the boys from their basement workshop. The carpet is taken up, two barrels with a board across them makes a workbench, a dry goods box is a storing place for lumber, and an old bureau is tool-chest, and depository for finished and unfinished jobs. A board slid across the bottom of the doorway keeps the shavings from being dragged upon the dining-room carpet, and here, on their own premises, the boys work and play in perfect content. They whittle, they cut paper, they paste, they print. There are but two rules for the shop: No tools must be left out of their drawer at night, and every Saturday the shop must be put in perfect order, and all rubbish deposited in the kindling box under the bench. We have no doubt the mother misses her sewing-room, but the gain compensates for the loss a hundred-fold. If you cannot do this, as many mothers cannot, still let the boys work and play. A deep box in the corner will hold a young mechanic and his work, and paper clip-pings are easily brushed up from a square of oil-cloth, which may be quickly spread down or gathered up. A big apron of old calico is quickly run together, and will keep the nicest little suit tidy, while the delighted artist paints to his heart's content. Let there be a corner somewhere to store the queer, nondescript articles so dear to a child's heart, and teach the children to gather them up themselves. If you can spare neither cupboard, closet nor drawer, a box, neatly covered with carpet or druggut, will not injure the neat's sitting-room. But do not sacrifice all the comfort and happiness of your children to scrupulous neatness. Why should a home be neat, save for the comfort and happiness of its inmates?

A GENTLEMAN on the West Coast had some friends to dinner lately. A blessing was asked, and the guests having a keen appetite, had to wait the repetition of rather a lengthy grace, given in a drawing fashion, which did not take well on the occasion. After the meal had been disposed of the guests were looking for another long prayer, when their entertainer, in a solemn, sombre sound, called out, "Let us return thanks." All hung their heads, when thanks were returned in the following brief—"Thank God."

A LOT of minstrels went to a town and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand.

"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!"

Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to ten cents, so that the poor could all come?"

GREEN FIELDS IN SIGHT.

At the portals of the morning
Stood a child with dainty feet;
All about him golden sunshine,
Pearly dew, and blossom sweet;
And with tender, dimpled fingers
Plucked the flowers fresh and fair,
And the overhanging branches
Laid their dew-drops in his hair.

Looking forward o'er life's pathway,
Saw he broader fields of green,
Skies with snowy clouds so fleecy
Here and there, now shreds between;
And with swiftly flying footsteps
Started he for fields more bright;
But in vain he hurried onward—
They were always just in sight.

Warmer, brighter, grew the sunshine;
Broader, rougher grew the way;
But with green fields just before him,
Nothing could his footsteps stay.
So he wandered on till manhood
Took the place of childhood fair;
Then he threw aside his flowers,
Wiped the dew-drops from his hair.

Onward, onward, toiling, striving,
Helping others with his might,
Saw he that the blooming meadows
That are always just in sight
Lie within the dark, cold river.
Here we only wish and wait,
Till the Master calls us over,
And unbars the pearly gate.

THE PROBATION BY CHESS.

"Don't be down-hearted, Carl," cheerfully exclaimed old Wilhelm Reiter; "you've made some progress already; and if you only stick to it with a stout heart—who knows—perhaps before the Rhine breaks up, I shall be obliged to abandon the rook, and give you a knight only."

A quiet smile of conscious superiority involuntarily played over the old man's features, as he put up the pieces for a fresh game, inviting the despondent Carl to try his luck once more; but the tyro had had enough for that day, and pleading a headache (the vanquished chess-player's best friend) he bid the conqueror good-night.

"Good-night, Anschutz!" said Wilhelm, as he cordially shook the young man's hand. "Persevere, lad, persevere, and never mind being beaten at first. Remember the Roman general who 'conquered through defeat.' And, harkye! come over to-morrow evening, and we will have another bout. Lina, darling, see the gate fast after Carl."

The farewell between the miller's pretty daughter and Carl Anschutz was somewhat more prolonged than her father's. She accompanied him across the garden, whispering words of solace and hope.

"Tis of no use trying, Lina," said he, despairingly; "I am sure I shall never be able to beat him. You saw how little chance I had against him, even with the rook—and what fearful odds that makes! Why, it will take years of hard study before I can play him on even terms, much less beat him. Oh, it is cruel, downright barbarous of him to sport and trifle with our happiness so frivolously!"

"Oh, hush, dear Carl, do not say so!" murmured Lina, reproachfully. "I am sure my father loves you."

"Why, then, does he rest his consent to our union upon such a ridiculous, unmeaning condition?" replied Carl, angrily. "What motive can he have? After allowing us to grow up together from the very cradle in such intimacy; knowing my circumstances so well, and even desirous, as he told my mother, of seeing us united. What can be his object I know not, unless it is from a morbid love of his favorite amusement, and a desire to see me appreciate it equally with himself. I like the game well enough, but after all, what is it? Only a game, and not to be made part of the business of life. To think of beating him, too—the best player in —, I shall never do it." And poor Carl smote his forehead with vexation, as he thought of the immense disparity in their play.

"Alas! I cannot guess at his motive," sighed Lina; "to me he has ever been the kindest and most indulgent of fathers. Not a wish I can form, but he hastens to gratify it. Rely on it, dearest Carl, there must be some deeper reason we are not aware of for his acting thus—hark! Coming, father," she answered, as the old man's voice was heard calling her. "Good-night, dear; don't despair, and remember, come what will, your Lina lives but for you!"

Carl Anschutz and Lina Reiter had been, as he said, companions from infancy. Their fathers were very old friends, and since the death of Johann Anschutz, which happened when Carl was only nine years old, Wilhelm Reiter's counsel and assistance had been of the greatest service to his widow, who continued to carry on the small, but thriving farm her husband had left. She too, had in a great measure supplied the place of Lina's mother to the orphaned babe—for the good miller's *frau* had died in giving birth to her first child—whose earliest years were spent entirely under her fostering care.

Brought up thus together, it was no wonder that the dawning of youth taught the two play-

mates to feel that sweet, undefinable attraction which adolescence quickened into passion, until at the respective ages of twenty and seventeen, the youth and maiden had discovered, by a mutual confession, that life would be intolerable if divided; and, accordingly, Carl made his prayer to the old man for his daughter's hand, never doubting that, as the good miller had always treated him with the affection of a son, he would now hesitate to make him so in reality.

And truly, there did seem no reason to anticipate a refusal. Carl, although so young, was a man grown, could outwork any laborer on the farm, was temperate, amiable, and sincere, and altogether a fine, open-hearted, clever young fellow. But he was deficient in reflection and steady resolution. These defects showing themselves in an extremely plastic disposition, placed his mind too much under the control of others, and sometimes marred the success of an enterprise well begun; but time and experience might teach him the lesson of self-reliance. His worldly position, though not equal to that of the prosperous miller, was yet a fair one. Johann Anschutz had left his small farm well stocked, and in excellent condition, and, although the seasons had been unpropitious of late, a few years of patient application and good management promised to place Carl and his mother above the reach of any freak of fortune.

All this Wilhelm Reiter knew as well as himself, from having been left joint executor with the widow, and so, when the old man gave but a conditional assent, depending on so strange and difficult an ultimatum, Carl's astonishment and vexation knew no bounds. The miller listened to the ardent representations of the young man with kindness—professed not the least objection to his prospects, and even encouraged him to the task, but until Carl had won a game at chess of him, on equal terms, Lina was no bride for him.

Poor Carl prayed—entreated of him to alter his determination, representing, with all the fiery impetuosity of his nature, the strength of their mutual attachment, and the misery he would entail on Lina and himself by a lengthened separation; but arguments and expostulations were of no avail. The old man mildly but firmly reiterated his fixed resolution, concluding the interview by saying:

"No, Carl, you cannot alter my resolve, so begin at once, lad; and if you love Lina as you say, I shall quickly see it by the progress you make. You have plenty of talent, and with ordinary application and care ought soon to play as good a game as I do. Meanwhile, my dear boy, do not think I am acting from sheer caprice. My reason you shall some day know. You shall have every chance of success; I'll even give you regular lessons of instruction, apart from our games—and to show you I really wish you to win her, I shall place no restrictions on your intercourse with Lina. Come as often as ever, and the faster you improve, the better I shall be pleased."

It was really a hard task old Wilhelm had imposed on poor Carl, for he was known to be one of the best players in the whole district—some said he was the very best; and Carl had only lately learnt the first principles of the game from him. It interested him, as he said, but only as an amusement; he had not patience or perseverance to study it scientifically, and now that his happiness depended on the progress he made in its mysteries, he almost hated it, as night after night he reluctantly pored over "the books," getting bewildered in the mazes of the different "openings" and their variations, until he went to bed dreaming of undiscovered "gambits," impossible "mates," and "nine queens on the board."

Spring came round, and found Carl much advanced in the game of chess. He was now able, as Wilhelm Reiter had foreseen, to accept the "knight" only and even with that won almost game for game. Still this improvement was more the result of constant practice than of studious inquiry into the science of the game. There was as yet little purpose or method in his play—little of that casual characteristic of the reflective mind; but hope was dawning. He gradually overcame his distaste for the game, and began to see a higher meaning in it than mere amusement. His opponent, faithful to his promise, took pains to teach him, showing the "why and because" of the best moves and their answers, occasionally making a brilliant, though unsound move, which quite upset Carl's combinations, and then, thoroughly analyzing it, showing, in a clear, lucid manner, how a little cool reflection would have made it fatal to the player.

The effects of this valuable instruction soon became apparent. Carl began to think before he played, to calculate on contingencies, and look ahead for results, although still somewhat impatient, easily daunted by an embarrassing or difficult position in his game, and apt to despair if the tide appeared at all against him. He fancied, too, that the more he made, the better the old man seemed to play also, which, of course, was the fact. There was yet much work to be done.

It was pretty to watch the air of affectionate sympathy with which the sweet Lina would cheer and console her young lover after his constant defeats, as they sat together during the long evenings in the comfortable parlor of the mill. Now behind her father's chair, apparently intent on the game, but always watching for Carl's uplifted eye, to greet him with a smile of love and hope—now seating herself nearer her lover, her soft, white hand stealing underneath the table, to reassure him by a fond pressure. And if Wilhelm Reiter saw anything of this, or

fancied his pretty daughter stayed too long out in the night air, as she closed the outer gate after Carl, he never said so, or placed the least restraint upon their intercourse, but really seemed desirous for the time when Carl could comply with the condition, and claim his young bride.

Thus the year rolled round, and hoary winter again wrapped the field in his cold, white mantle. About this time, a law suit which had long been pending between a neighboring farmer and a contractor in Berlin, rendered Carl's presence there as a witness indispensable, and as at that season he could best be spared from farming operations, he intended to make a long stay in that capital. For this Carl had another reason. Berlin had long been celebrated throughout Europe for its chess players, and he determined to avail himself to the utmost of their instructions. He had now become really fond of the game, and was fast acquiring the qualities of application and patience, so necessary to the successful prosecution of any important undertakings.

Perhaps Wilhelm Reiter guessed at this last motive, for he gave Carl a letter to an old friend in Berlin, who had removed there from — many years since, and with whom he had fought many a doughty battle over the chess-board.

Arriving in Berlin, Carl's first care was to deliver the letter from Wilhelm Reiter to his old friend and comrade, Hans Koenig, who received him with great kindness, and insisted upon Carl's staying with him while he remained in the capital. The young man gladly accepted the invitation, which was of the greatest service to him, as being the means of introducing him to the acquaintance of many first-rate players and professors of the game, amongst others, the renowned Von der L., one of the finest players in Europe. This talented master became much interested in Carl, from hearing of his task and its dependent prize, and took frequent opportunities of imparting to him sound and valuable instruction. Carl also frequented the *cafés*, and engaged with players of his own calibre. This was of great service to him, for his frequent successes with these taught him to feel his own strength, and to play with more self-reliance. He devoted his hours of leisure with unceasing application to mastering the more abstruse intricacies of "the wondrous game," and even looked forward to the hour when he might again measure his strength with his task-master.

After having spent nearly three months in Berlin, Carl now hastened to return home, and two days afterward he again clasped his own dear Lina to his heart.

"That will do for to-day, Carl," said the old man, at the close of a tough game, which Carl had won with the least possible odds; you are indeed improved. I am afraid you are too much for me, even with the 'pawn and move' only. But come over to-morrow evening, and we will try a game 'even' for the first time. Heyday! you little jade!" exclaimed he, catching the exulting smile that Lina directed toward her lover, as her father paid this gratifying and deserved tribute to the skill of his opponent; "chuckling over your father's defeat, eh? Come and kiss me directly; and don't think Carl has got you yet, mixx. Although," he added, with a half sigh, "I am almost afraid I shall lose you sooner than I expected."

Wilhelm Reiter had indeed found Carl improved, not in his chess-playing only, but his whole character seemed to have undergone a salutary change. From the hot-headed, thoughtless youth who had importuned him a year and a half ago, he had become a cautious, reflecting man. His mind had acquired firmness and vigor, and the want of self-reliance, once so apparent, no longer showed itself. The probation had done its work.

We will not fatigue the reader with the record of the many hot battles which ensued ere Carl triumphed. Doughty and more protracted grew they, for the old man's pride became piqued to find his opponent so close upon his heels, and he played with the utmost caution, every game as yet resulting in his favor. But Wilhelm Reiter was not the Pope. In a game where he was sweeping all before him, scattering combinations, and taking pieces at a terrible rate, he made an inadvertent move, apparently a very strong one, and threatening to bring the *partie* to a speedy termination in his favor. Carl was sorely puzzled, and for a long time could see no chance for escape. Suddenly his attention was riveted on a particular piece—he looked at its bearings, then again at the piece—could it be? His heart bounded, his eyes gleamed—stop—yes—it is—"Checkmate in five moves by sacrificing queen," he shouted, almost upsetting the board in his eagerness, as, unable to control himself, he sprang from the table and hugged Lina in his arms.

"Donnerwetter," muttered the old man, hastily, "der spiel ist verloren," and lost it was, sure enough, by the masterly series of *coups* Carl had discovered. He shook his head like a terrier which had laid hold of a hedgehog by mistake, and didn't like it—pished and pshawed a little, but then gave in with a good grace, and laying down his huge meerschaum:

"Thou hast won her fairly, lad," said he, cordially. "Lina, my child, come hither."

The blushing, happy girl advanced, and taking her hand, the old man placed it in Carl's, saying:

"Take her, my son, and may she prove the blessing to her husband she has ever been to her father! And now, Carl, I think you have

long ceased to do me injustice. If I read you aright, you conjecture my motives for imposing such a trial on you. Is it not so, lad?"

The young man made no answer, but the downcast eyes, and the conscious flush on his cheek needed no interpreter.

"I see you do," continued Wilhelm Reiter. "It was the anxious wish of your father and myself that our only children should cement by the bond of marriage the long and warm friendship existing between us (if, upon arriving at maturity, their feelings should be in unison), and when he was on his death-bed, I solemnly promised him to watch over you as my own son. I need not say how much my own feelings were interested in you. As you grew up, I marked with pleasure the mutual affection increasing between you and my dear child, and delighted to contemplate the prospect of fulfilling the dearest wish of your dead father and myself. I saw your many excellent qualities, but I also saw, Carl, much that gave me uneasiness in your character—grave faults which threatened, if unchecked, to destroy all chance of domestic happiness, and such as I trembled to consign my child to the influence of. Generous and amiable you were—sincere, honorable, and temperate—a frugal liver, and affectionate son. But on the other hand, there was a want of prudence and caution; your unreflecting and pliable disposition allowed you to be acted upon too much by the judgment of others; you had no self-reliance; more than all, you suffered yourself to be daunted by petty difficulties, for the want of energy and application to combat and overcome them. Nothing but a timely and severe schooling could eradicate these weaknesses, which, if left to themselves, would have exercised a fatal influence over the business of life; and, as I had found, by long experience, the wonderfully salutary effect that a studious application to any one mental pursuit exercises over the whole mind, I determined to subject you to the task which, I may say, without vanity, required considerable perseverance, patience, and energy to accomplish. You have nobly justified my expectations, and I shall now have no anxiety in committing to your care the dearest treasure I have on earth. Take her," concluded the old man, with moistened eyes; "and may Heaven shower its blessings on you both!"

Bright and joyous was the summer morn, when Carl led his lovely and loving bride to the home which should shelter them until death. Many a year has passed away since then, adding tenfold prosperity and happiness to the farm fireside, and many a cheerful game between Wilhelm Reiter and Carl has enlivened the long winter evenings at the farm (for the old man has given up the mill, and resides entirely with his darling Lina and her husband); and many, many a time, when patience and application have overcome certain difficulties, or caution, foresight, and calculation have brought about a desired result, has Carl mused pleasantly over "The Probation by Chess."

THE WILD HUNTER.

It is ten years ago (said Mr. Belden), and at that time the country back from the Missouri was not much settled. The fame of the Big Blue lands had spread far and wide, and every week scores of farmers from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri came in and settled on the rich bottoms, almost invariably writing back to their friends in the States that the land was one flowing with milk and honey, and urging them to come and take up farms. So the settlement prospered amazingly, and Beatrice, Nebo, which had only been a town "on paper," became a thriving village in reality.

Among the farmers who came to settle in this new country was a Mr. Thompson and his family. They had formerly lived in Iowa, on the Big Sioux River, six miles from Sioux City; but, not prospering there, they sought to better their condition by moving to Nebraska, and selected the Big Blue as the place of their future home. Mr. Thompson's family consisted of his wife, his daughter Mary, a sweet girl of sixteen, and an old man who had spent the best part of his life in the service of the family, and now that he was old, was retained for the good he had done, and that he might have a home in his declining years. At one time Mr. T. had been well off in the world, but unfortunate speculations in Western lands had ruined him, and, at the time of which I speak, he had little left besides a few horses, a waggon or two, and a dozen head of cattle.

Near to where Mr. Thompson had settled on the Blue lived a wild young man who had won for himself the name of "the Wild Trapper of the Blue." He lived all alone on the headwaters of a little creek, and was rarely seen except when he came, once in every two or three months, to the traders to exchange his furs and skins for flour, tobacco, matches, coffee, and such other articles as he needed. On these occasions, after having made his purchases, he would lounge about the traders for several days, drinking bad whiskey, and quarrelling with every one he could get to quarrel with him. When under the influence of whiskey, he would mount his horse, and, with two large navy revolvers in his belt, ride up and down the village, defying every one to come out and fight him. For the slightest offence, either real or imagined, he would fire at a man, and, if he had a grudge against any one, that person's cattle or horses were sure soon afterward to be missing. — was more than hinted that he was the prin-

cipal or accomplice in many of the thefts, and if he were so minded, could tell where most of the valuable horses stolen from time to time on the Salt Lake stage road had gone. Yet such was the reputation of this young desperado for courage and wickedness that no one cared to meddle with him, and wherever he went his society was tolerated rather than preferred. No ten men could have been induced to go to his ranch to search for stolen stock, and so the matter was allowed to rest—every one blaming him with all sorts of crimes, but no one being able to swear the suspicions were correct.

One evening, just as Mr. Thompson and his family were sitting down in their humble cabin to a supper of corn-bread and venison, a tall young man, mounted on a wiry pony, rode up. He was scarcely nineteen years of age, and wore the inevitable leggings and long frock of the Western hunters, fringed with buckskin. His face was brown as a nut, and when he raised the broad brim of his slouch hat, his countenance betrayed unmistakable signs of dissipation.

Mr. Thompson politely invited the stranger to dismount and partake of their frugal meal, and, springing from his horse, he made haste to enter; but when he saw Mary he drew back, blushed, and would have mounted again, had not Mr. Thompson insisted upon his stopping long enough to eat something. It was not long before Mr. Thompson discovered from the conversation that his guest was none other than the famous young desperado of the Blue, and the discovery was attended with considerable anxiety and alarm. The quick eye of the hunter detected in an instant the alarm his presence had created, and rising from the table before he had finished his supper, he said, with dignified air:

"I am indeed the Wild Trapper of the Blue, and, like every one else, you think me bad; but I am not so bad as they say. Oh!" he added, after a moment's pause, "if some one in the world would only believe me good, I might become like other men."

Then, fixing his piercing eyes on Mary, he gazed at her a full minute, and, turning on his heel, he left the cabin without saying another word. The family, through the open doorway, saw him swing his lithe body across his pony, and gallop swiftly away over the prairie towards his cabin.

From this visit Mr. Thompson augured bad luck; but, as day after day and week after week passed and they saw no more of him, they began to think they had done the young man an injustice. True, they had often heard of him in the village, where he continued his drinking and fighting; but, although the nearest way would have led him by Mr. Thompson's house, both in going and coming, he always crossed the prairie some miles above, and never came near the place.

Mr. Thompson, who had once been a kind husband, an indulgent father, and a man of good habits, disappointed by repeated failures in business and vexed by poverty, had, of late years, taken to drink, and now was little better than a common drunkard. His wife and daughter had persuaded him to move from Iowa, hoping, when his old associations were broken up, he would do better in Nebraska and make their new home a happy one. For a time their most sanguine wishes seemed about to be realized. The farm they had taken up was a good one, the crops were abundant, and all seemed to promise a happy future. Mr. Thompson had left off drinking entirely, and was again the kind and affectionate husband and father of former years. The happiness of this little family was unbounded, when, in an evil hour, a cloud darkened the bright sunshine of their rude cottage, and finally burst in a destroying storm. A man named Cook opened a traveler's ranch, or hotel, near Mr. Thompson's; and between this man and the farmer there soon subsisted the warmest friendship. Night after night Mr. Thompson would go to Cook's, and sit in the society of bad men until the small hours of the morning. The wife and daughter, alarmed for his safety, redoubled their efforts to make his home attractive, and resorted to every womanly device to keep him with them; but, despite their exertions, he spent more than half his time at Cook's.

For a long time he resisted every temptation to drink; but at length the evil of keeping bad company became apparent, and one night Mr. Thompson came home to his family reeling drunk. His downward course was now rapid; he was drunk every day; and to the vice of drinking he soon added that of gambling. The land on which he lived was a homestead, and the title could not be perfected for five years, so he could not gamble it away; but, one by one, the horses, cattle, and farming implements were put up and lost, until at last all that was left were two horses, a waggon and harness.

Among the persons who visited Cook's was a person called Long Ned, a flashily dressed individual, an ex-stage driver, a drunkard, a gambler, and an unprincipled scoundrel. Ned had won most of Mr. Thompson's stock and money, and was now waiting to finish up his devilish work by taking the last thing the poor man had. He had not long to wait, for one evening Thompson, with his team and waggon came over to the ranch, and after sundry drinks had been taken Ned proposed to play for the team and horses. At first Thompson refused, saying it was all he had left, and he meant to keep that; but a drink or two more and the exhibition by Ned of a hundred dollars in money, changed his mind, and he sat down at the fatal table; he was so sure he could win this time, and then Ned said he only wished he would, for

he wanted to see Mr. Thompson get back some of his property.

In one hour the last horse was gone, and Mr. Thompson rose from his chair and staggered to the wall, where he stood with his head hanging upon his breast, pondering his misfortunes, and realizing at last that he and his family were penniless, and he had not even the means of getting home. Ned came up, and, slapping the farmer familiarly on the shoulder, said: "Come, cheer up, old fellow, and let us take a drink."

Thompson moved mechanically to the bar, and, filling his glass to the brim, drank it off. Again and again he drank, and at each swallow of the vile stuff seemed to grow more desperate. He was now maudlin drunk, and Ned led his victim to one side, and said he had long wanted a wife, and as Mary was a fine girl he would like to marry her. He really sympathized with Mr. Thompson in his losses; and as it was the custom in new settlements for men to buy their wives from the Indians he would put up all he had won of Mr. Thompson against Mary. At first the farmer was shocked and surprised; but the more he thought of it, the more reasonable Ned's proposition seemed to be, and after another glass, he sat down and staked his own daughter on a hand of cards. Ned won, and the farmer burst into tears. The gambler made light of the matter, and assured him, if he had lost a daughter, he had won a son-in-law. Again and again they drank, and Ned calling for a bottle of whiskey, the two got into the waggon and started for the farmer's house. On the road, Thompson drank heavily from the bottle, so that, when they arrived at the farm, the farmer was so drunk that he had to be helped out of the waggon. It was very late, but the wife and daughter were still up waiting for his return, and Mary was clad in a neat white muslin dress, which made her look charming. They were both much surprised to see a stranger with Mr. Thompson, but received him kindly, thinking no doubt, he had merely come to see Mr. T. safe home.

Ned turned out the team—his team—and then entered the cabin. He was a repulsive-looking fellow at best; but, now that the night wind had puffed and flushed his bloated face, he looked perfectly hideous. Fixing his bearded eyes on Mary, he stared the girl out of countenance, and caused her to blush and turn away. Wherever she went Ned followed her with his ferret eyes, until the girl became so nervous and uneasy she went into the room and waked up the old man. When she returned to the outer room, she found her mother had fallen into a swoon, and her father, who had been asleep in the chair, was now sitting up, apparently quite sober, and talking to Ned. Mary ran to her mother, and, raising her in her arms, placed her upon the bed, where she sprinkled water in her face, until she recovered, and began to sob bitterly.

Her father now called her to his side, and said: "Mary, we have lost everything; this gentleman has won all, and he wants you for his wife. I have promised him your hand. Go to him." The surprised and confused girl ran to her mother; but Ned called to her, in a rough voice: "Come here to me, girl; you're now my little woman, and I want you." Scarcely knowing what she did, with one bound she reached the door, and in a moment more was out in the dark night and flying across the prairie towards the barn. She heard her father call to her to come back, and then halloo to Ned to run round the house while he went to the barn. Mary had intended to take her pony from the barn and ride, she knew not whither; but, hearing her father's voice close behind her, she slipped out of the stable by a back door and ran across the prairie. For an hour she ran on, and then sank down completely exhausted. Long and bitterly she wept, lying prone upon the cold, damp ground. Then, startled by the howl of a wolf, she sprang up and tried to think. Where should she go? What should she do? It was not far to the river, and she would cast herself in, and beneath its dark waters end her troubles. Arrived upon the bank, she stands like a statue, gazing down at the gurgling flood. Her purpose is firm; one plunge, and all is over. But hark! what noise is that? It is the dip of paddles; and, as Mary stands on the very brink of the river, in the light of the new risen moon, a canoe, with four Indians in it, round the bend of the stream within a few rods of her. Why does the warrior in the bow of the boat rise, and with a gesture, impose silence on his comrades? He believes this white and statue-like figure is no human being, and even the oars cease to dip while the boat floats silently by and the savages pass on their way to the settlement to steal stock.

Mary had stood perfectly still, little caring what became of her; but the sight of the Indians had changed her purpose, and no sooner had they passed than she hastened from the river. As she turned about, a great gray wolf rose from the grass within a few feet of her, and slunk away with an angry growl, while a night-owl, perched on the limb of a tree over her head, flapped his great wings and uttered dismal cries as he flew affrighted up the river.

Mary has been thinking for the past few minutes of "the Wild Trapper of the Blue," and she had now determined to go to him. She knew she was not far from his cabin, and why should she not go and claim his protection? Perhaps he was not bad; indeed, she had always believed he was not so wicked as they had represented him to be. The night air was chilly, but she felt not the cold, for her blood was full of fever. The wind tossed her brown hair around so that she took

her shawl and put it over her head, and then ran briskly along the trail. In an hour she neared the fierce hunter's cabin, and her heart beat wildly as she knocked upon the door. Again and again she knocked, but still no response, and then she went to the little window and peered into the cabin. She listened, but all was dark and silent within.

Returning to the door she wrapped louder than before, and a voice whispered through the key-hole:

"Who is it?"

For a moment she knew not what to say, then, summoning courage, she replied:

"It is I—Mary Thompson—who wants you to protect me."

Cautiously the door was opened, and the hunter looked out and stared at Mary, to whom he said:

"I thought it was Indians or Regulators; but come in, girl, and I beg pardon for having kept you out in the cold so long."

Then he lit a pine-knot, and, handing Mary a chair, drew out his sharp jack-knife, and whittled some shavings to kindle a fire. There was soon a bright blaze roaring on the hearth, and, with all the politeness of a courtier, he moved up Mary's stool and bade her sit close to the burning embers.

"I heard you," he said, "even before you knocked, for my ears have become somewhat practised to the sound of approaching footsteps; but I could not make you out. When I saw your head at the window with that shawl over it, I thought it was a squaw's head," he added, laughing, and, after a moment's pause, inquired, "Any Indians down your way?"

Mary simply said "No," and he pressed her no further.

The kettle was boiling, and he made a cup of tea and gave it to her to drink. Then he said:

"Now, young lady, I know not what brings you here at this time of night, nor do I wish to know; but something dreadful must have happened to cause any one to claim protection from the Wild Trapper of the Blue, and, above all others, a young girl. There! There!" he added, seeing Mary was about to speak, "don't say a word, but just lie down on that bed and take a good sound sleep, while I go outside and keep watch over the house. You can shut the door and bolt it after me, if you wish," taking his gun, "but you need not be afraid, Mary, for I would not harm a hair of your head; and, as for others harming you while you are under my protection, they must first cross the dead body of the Wild Hunter. Now, don't fret, girl, but sleep as soundly as if you were at home and happy; and, mind you, don't cry and tremble, or you'll be having a spell of sickness in the morning after this night trip, and I can tell you I'm a mighty poor nurse," he said, closing the door behind him, and laughing heartily outside.

Was this, indeed, the Wild Hunter of the Blue, about whom such terrible tales were told, and in whom there was nothing but wickedness? Mary thought she had never met a more polite or gentlemanly person; somehow her fears had all disappeared, and she felt singularly safe and happy. She did not lock the door, for she felt not the slightest uneasiness; but she peeped from a little window, and saw the tall hunter, with his gun across his shoulder, walking up and down before the cabin like a sentinel, and then she laid down on the bed, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Next morning when she awoke the sun was shining brightly, and, springing up, for she had not removed any of her clothing, she ran to the little window and looked out. There was the hunter pacing up and down, just as he had been doing the night before. "How polite in him," thought Mary, "not to disturb me; and how considerate of my comfort and safety he has been ever since I entered his humble abode." She made haste to open the door, and the hunter bade her good morning, and hoped she had rested well. Then he made up the fire, and bringing Mary some water in a basin, with a comb and brush, said he would cook the breakfast while she made her toilet. To this Mary objected, saying she would do the cooking herself; and, as soon as her simple toilet was made, set about the work. The hunter brought the things for her to cook, peeled the potatoes, and showed her where everything he had was kept. Every few minutes he would burst out laughing, and say, "How funny to have a woman cook for me!" Mary's heart was heavy, and she was constantly thinking of her mother at home, and wondering where they thought she was; but her position was so novel for a young girl, and her companion so cheerful, that she could not help blushing, and at times, despite her troubles, her small, steel-gray eyes would sparkle with mirth. When they sat down to breakfast, the hunter thought he had never seen so charming a creature as Mary, and somehow she never seemed to mind the great brown eyes constantly fixed upon her. Strange she should not be afraid, for she was alone with the most desperate man of the West; but, so far from fearing him, she thoroughly believed he was her best friend and protector.

After breakfast she told the hunter her tale, and again claimed his protection. He listened respectfully and attentively, and, when she had done, said:

"So you thought you could trust me?"

"I did," replied Mary, while the hot blood rushed to her temples.

For a moment the muscles in the face of the hunter worked convulsively, and, rising, he went to a small cupboard and took from it two daguerotypes—the one of a young girl, and the other of a middle-aged woman. Opening them

and placing them in Mary's lap, while a tear dimmed his eye, he said:

"These are the pictures of my dear mother and darling sister, and I swear to you by them I will always be to you as a brother."

Mary held out her hand, and, as he grasped it, two hearts met in that clasp, never to be divided again on earth.

The hunter told Mary that she must go back at once to her mother, and, now she had placed herself under his protection, she need not fear Long Ned or any one else. Placing her on his pony, he walked by her side and led the little brute, who, not being used to such a burden, was disposed to be a little vicious. Carefully and tenderly, as if she were an infant, he guarded her until they came to her father's house, where they had scarcely arrived when that most startling of all cries on the border, "Indians!" was heard, and a man dashed up to say that the settlement below had been attacked and all of long Ned's stock stolen. Waiting to hear no more, Long Ned, who was still at the farm, leaped upon a pony and dashed away across the prairie.

Placing Mary in the arms of her mother, the Wild Hunter left her to tell her own tale, and rapidly followed Ned. The Indians were driven off and all the stock recovered, but Long Ned did not return. Some said he was killed by the savages; others, that the Wild Hunter shot him; but, be that as it may, he was dead, and no one seemed to care by whose hand he had fallen. Nearly all the recaptured stock had once belonged to Mr. Thompson, and, Ned being dead, the Wild Hunter took it upon himself to return it to the farmer, saying he was Ned's heir; a decision no one objected to. What was most surprising, however, was the fact that the Wild Hunter did not drink any more or quarrel with any one. When pressed for an explanation, he simply replied: "I have quit that sort of thing."

Little more remains to be told of this true tale of border life, and it may be summed up in these words. Soon after the Indian raid there was a wedding at Mr. Thompson's, and the farmer, influenced by his new son-in-law, stopped drinking and became a prosperous and useful citizen. If ever you visit the Big Blue, just above Mr. Thompson's place, you will find a neat farm-house, and in it a brown-haired, happy-faced woman, with four little curly-headed children playing about her knee. The owner of this farm is a quiet, orderly, well-to-do man; and, if you will wait until he comes home from the fields, you will recognize in him none other than "The Wild Hunter of the Blue."

CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Altogether the most interesting case of somnambulism on record is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bordeaux, is given under the head of Somnambulism in the "French Encyclopedia." This young ecclesiastic, when the Archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the Archbishop betook himself several nights to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations:—

The young man used to rise, to take paper, and write. Before he wrote music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it; he wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness; or, when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black he filled in after he had completed the whole. After completing a sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake that he had sought for he ate approvingly; but when on another occasion a piece of the same cake was put into his mouth, he spit it out without observation. The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas, is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers when he was writing, he knew if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and appeared embarrassed in that case; but if the fresh sheet of paper which was substituted for that written on was exactly of the same size as the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change; and he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as fluently as when the manuscript itself lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections and introduce the amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet which it would have occupied on the written page.

PANCAKES AND FRITTERS.—Pancakes should be eaten hot. They should be light enough to toss over in the pan. Snow will serve instead of eggs for pancakes. It should be taken when just fallen, and quite clean. 2 tablespoons of snow will supply the place of one egg. Time to fry a pancake, 5 minutes. Whenever the time differs on account of the ingredients, it will be specified.

TWO SONGS.

I.
Kisses, kisses, and kisses!
Thine and mine and thine!
Give them and take them,
Thou only canst make them
Love's rarest nectar divine!
Roses, roses, and roses!
Red royal red to the heart!
Give them and take them,
Thou only canst make them
Whispering perfume impart!
Kisses and roses and kisses!
Life all bewildered with joy!
Give them and take them,
Thou only canst make them
My soul to en throne or destroy!

II.
Drifting forever away from me,
Out, far out, to an unknown sea!
Never again mine own to be,
Never and never mine own to be!
Tell me! tell me! tiresome sea,
Moaning forever of never to be,
Was tear or sigh betrayed to thee—
One whispered prayer for love and me?

All is over! love is best
Like a ground bird, sweet in nest,
Piping softly, lowly down,
To one little mate in brown;
Never caring to enthrall,
Every gay bird within call.
This my lover came to me,
Wooing like the sleeping sea.
Then a wild and sweeping tide,
Lashed my pean to chaos wild,
His love the sea—the rock my pride!
Ah, wearily, relentlessly
The tide is ebbing out from me,
A tossing bark goes out to sea.
It wearies me, it wearies me,
To hear the lashing, reaching sea!
And in the night I clasp my hands,
Lest some sad day they tell to me
Of one found dead upon the sands.

The House that Jack Built.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

The public has been in error long enough on this subject, thanks to that ridiculous nursery jingle. As for me, I know better. I am myself the house that Jack built, and I should think I ought to know the circumstances under which I was put together. I do know them, the how and the why and all about it, and I am going to relate the whole here for the general benefit.

And to begin with, as people are so ready to be captious, I want to explain before I say another word that those portions of my story which could not have come within my personal knowledge, seeing they belong to a time before I was made, were communicated to me by the other house, which is a great deal older than I am, and so, naturally, has seen and heard more. And if you are ignorant enough not to know that ho uses, like everything else, have their own way of talking together, why, I can only say that is your fault, not mine.

Jack Heaton—yes, I dare say it might sound more respectful to say Mr. John Heaton, but nobody else ever did so within my experience, and I don't know why I need—Jack Heaton, I repeat, was thirty-eight years old, well off, good-natured, good-looking, and unmarried. Why he was unmarried I really can't tell you; I never heard of his having had a disappointment, and I know his mother would have liked nothing better than to see him settled with a wife of the right sort. However, that has nothing to do with the present matter: my story is mainly Minnie's story, and Jack's only so far as he had to do with her.

Who was Minnie? What, you don't know that! Well, then, Minnie was the orphan child of one of Jack's college classmates, his best and oldest friend. Something like six years before the time I am going to describe, Jack came home to dinner one day in a brown-study, and when reminded by his mother that salt was nicer than sugar in soup, answered, abruptly,

"Mother, poor Walter Gorham's little girl, it seems, is left with no particular home or means."

"And my generous, extravagant boy has made up his mind to provide both, I can see," put in Mrs. Heaton, smiling at him. Jack was over thirty then, but, as I have often noticed, a man is always a boy to his mother, even if he were a very Methuselah in years.

"The generosity, if there is any, would be pretty much on your side, I am afraid mother," rejoined Jack, "for the care would come on you; still, I can't bear to think of poor old Walter's child wanting any thing we could give her; so, if you weren't afraid of finding her too great a trouble—"

"Not a bit of trouble," said Mrs. Heaton, without a moment's pause for reflection. If Jack's generosity was extravagant, it was easy to see where he got it! "Haven't I wanted a girl of my own all my life?"

"Yes, I know I was a disappointment to you, mother," put in Jack, with whom this was an old joke.

"As if I would change my boy for all the girls in the world! Still I suppose that doesn't prevent my liking to try my hand on one."

So that is the way it was settled, and Minnie Gorham, a shy, pale little damsel of twelve, came to live in the Heaton's house—the old

house, mind you, for that was before I was so much as thought of, hard as I find that to understand now. There she grew up to a girl of seventeen, neither shy nor pale then, but with about the brightest eyes and clearest laugh to be found in the whole neighborhood, as more than one individual had discovered already.

It was somewhere about this time that Jack Heaton, coming home one spring day, was impressed, as he closed the door behind him, by the unwonted quiet of the house. No head peeped into the hall to welcome him; there was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting-room, nobody in the dining-room. Jack penetrated as far as the kitchen, and there finally he came upon Minnie, half extinguished in a blue cotton apron several sizes too large for her, with her sleeves tucked up from her round white arms, and her curly hair all thrust away at the back of her head in a great rough knot, from which stray tendrils crept out in a distracted and distracting manner. Jack's surprise found vent in a low whistle, at which Minnie turned round with a suddenness that sent a pile of egg-shells at her elbow flying from the table to the floor.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "Really, gentlemen didn't ought to come into the kitchen, as cook used to be so fond of remarking."

"Used to be?" repeated Jack, ruefully surveying his own mischief. "Cook hasn't departed this life, has she?"

"No, but she has departed this house, and under peculiar circumstances—for further particulars inquire within," added Minnie, mysteriously tapping a black bottle in the chimney-corner; "and as Bridget knows about as much of civilized cooking as a wild Pawnee, Aunt Fanny and I have sent her up stairs about her business, and if all that isn't explanation enough—"

"Add that Miss Minnie seizes the opportunity to practice on us, for the benefit of Mr. Ned Wyndham's household," mischievously put in Mrs. Heaton, appearing from the next room with a handkerchief tied over her head.

"Is that so, Minnie?" asked Jack, after a pause, in which he had attentively considered Minnie, who had fallen to beating the eggs again with still greater energy, which was perhaps what made her cheeks so red.

"The idea!" answered Miss Minnie, with a toss of the head that sent half a score of little curls flying loose. "Before he can have a household he must have a house; and though I dare say the will's good enough, if I wait till he can take me home—" and Minnie completed her broken sentence with an expressive flourish of the egg-beater.

"Well, but you can take him home, then," said Mrs. Heaton. "It comes to the same thing."

"Same difficulty in the way," replied Minnie, "seeing I'm not an Aladdin to make a palace out of a toad-stool."

"And if you were, would you make young Wyndham King Toad?" asked Jack, laughingly, but watching her closely the while.

"Oh, you uncivilized John! did you never hear that direct questions were the bane of existence?" exclaimed Minnie, vanishing into the pantry in search of a nutmeg grater, as she said.

"Is it really true?" asked Jack of his mother, in a low voice.

"Why, where have your eyes been?" answered Mrs. Heaton, in the same tone.

It was scarcely a week later that Mrs. Heaton was thrown into a regular flutter by observing what looked suspiciously like building preparations in the vacant lot adjoining, an open green, forming a part of their grounds. Had Jack sold it to come building speculator? That was an important question under the circumstances, for, as there was only the garden fence between, a great deal would be depending on the sort of tenants the new house might have. Mrs. Heaton could hardly wait Jack's coming home to satisfy her impatience.

"Jack!"—she began the attack directly—"there seems to have been some kind of building people in the vacant lot this morning."

"I know it," answered Jack; and after a little pause, "In fact, I sent them."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed his mother, reproachfully. "I never thought you would have sold that ground."

"I haven't sold it," answered Jack; and added, "I think of building myself."

"You!" said Mrs. Heaton, in a tone of surprise—"you, of all people in the world, turning speculator! But now, my dear boy, have you considered the risk you run? It is so near; disagreeable people there could make themselves so very disagreeable to us."

"I'll promise to take nobody into the new house who can disturb the peace of the old one," replied Jack, with a smile. "Besides, mother, it isn't even begun yet; time enough to worry when you see the slates on the roof and the chimney smoking."

"Ah, that won't be long first, I'm afraid!" said Mrs. Heaton, ruefully.

"I hope not," rejoined her son. "I'm bound to get the thing through as soon as possible."

"But what for?" replied Mrs. Heaton; "what good is it all going to do?"

"Oh, building pays," answered Jack, vaguely, and changed the subject. It looked as if Jack meant to lose no time from the way things went ahead. Minnie declared that he had made some unholy compact, and that invisible hands at night took up the work where his Irish bod-carriers had left it. And certainly the house—that is, myself, you understand—grew with a rapidity that gave some color to her accusation.

Finally the day came when I stood finished from head to foot, or, if you prefer it, from roof

to basement. And though I say it, that perhaps should not say it, I was a handsome structure. I had a piazza, a balcony, a bay-window; no modern improvement or adornment had been spared on me. I was as yet empty, to be sure, but that was a lack easily supplied; all the more easily that Jack the very evening I was done brought over his woman-kind, with the addition of young Ned Wyndham, who happened to be making a call at the old house, to give their united voice about the furnishing.

I remember just how the party looked as they entered. Minnie came in first of all. She wore a thin white dress, covered with flounces and puffs, and the folds of which she had gathered up out of the dust, so that I had a peep at the rosettes on her little high-heeled slippers. Her black wavy hair had a red rose-bud on the left side, to balance the pink dimple in her right cheek, I suppose, and her black eyes were wide open and sparkling. Altogether I approved of her, and if I had not been afraid, being so new, of doing some harm to myself, I should have given some sign of satisfaction. Ned Wyndham followed her, quite an elegant-looking young fellow, with white hands and a tawny mustache, and who—that I saw at once—admired her quite as much as I did. Jack and his mother brought up the rear, Jack carrying a note-book and pencil, and Mrs. Heaton with a look of surprise and remonstrance on her face. She was speaking as she entered.

"But, my dear boy," she said, "I cannot conceive why you should want to throw away your money on this house." Now this of course was not pleasant for me to listen to, but I resolved to hear further, and not take any hasty prejudices. "It isn't everybody, you know," she continued, "who cares to take a furnished house."

"And it isn't everybody I would let it to," answered Jack. "Have you forgotten our agreement, mother? I mean to have nice people in here, so I must bait my trap accordingly. That's why I have brought you all over this evening to give me the benefit of your taste. Come, won't somebody begin?"

"Oh, what a dear little bay-window room!" here cried Minnie, who had been flitting about without much attending to the others. "If it were my house I should make this my snugery; I'd put my piano in that recess there, and a disgracefully easy chair here in the bay-window."

"And all the balcony with roses and things," completed young Wyndham, whose mind was plainly distracted by that red rose-bud.

"Not bad suggestions either," said Jack, whose pencil was already jotting down pianos, easy-chairs, and plants. "Now what do you say, mother?"

"This room with the dark paneling I should furnish in deep crimson," said Mrs. Heaton, reflectively, from the threshold. "It is just my idea of a comfortable winter parlor; and with a handsome set of book-cases—that is, if it was my own house, I mean," she added, suddenly pulling herself short up in this field so delightful to a woman, and resuming the prudential tone with which she considered it necessary to hold Jack's lavishness in check—"but I can't see the good of getting together pretty things for strangers to spoil."

"Oh, I'll get the worth of my outlay, never fear," said Jack, laughing. "Deep crimson, you say—m—book-cases—m—m—"

And that is the way it was from garret to cellar. Not a word could any body drop but Jack's little stump of a pencil caught it up and pinned it fast in a twinkling. If these suggestions were carried out, there was every prospect of as elegant a little dwelling as any body need desire.

"And it was so. Yes, I don't know why I should be shy of the truth, and I openly declare that I never wish to see a nicer-looking house than I was after the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer had finished with me, and I stood complete from top to toe in my new clothes. The work had been thoroughly well done. I had variety without gaudiness; bright clear tints, and dark rich shades, lit up with the gleam of mirrors and gilding, and softened with such a profusion of greenery wherever it could be placed, that I appeared to have grown rather than to have been made. Minnie, who approved of me thoroughly—and, indeed, I was mainly the result of her taste—had declared I should be named the Nest, for I was not like any other ordinary house."

It was an autumn day when I was finished—the evening, as I recollect, before Minnie's birthday. She stood in the garden of the old house with Jack, looking at me as my windows brightened in the setting sun, till I seemed all in a glow, inside and out.

"The last stick went in to-day," said Minnie. "The nest is all ready for the birds."

"Then suppose we go over and take a bird's-eye view," suggested Jack, with a laugh, taking his arms from the fence and throwing away the end of his cigar. He opened the gate, and they strolled over together.

Minnie was all in black that evening, with a black necklace round her throat, and her thick black hair waving all over her shoulders. She made me think of a little nun, only those long curls and the bright eyes didn't suit with my ideas of a nun exactly.

They came in and stopped in the little bay-window room, furnished just as she had suggested. She looked round her, then out at the flowers and green things in the balcony, and then all round her again.

"Oh," she said, "I hope whoever comes here will be somebody I can like, for I do love this house so, I can't give it up entirely."

Now I thought this a very pretty speech indeed, and I made the most of the last sun-rays

in order to look as bright as I could, as a suitable acknowledgment.

Jack's face brightened too. "I am so glad you like it," he said, heartily, and taking both her hands in his. "My dear Minnie," he continued, "to-morrow, I know, is your birthday, but you won't mind my anticipating by a few hours, I suppose, on making my present something useful as well as ornamental. You are 'monarch of all you survey,'" he went on, jestingly—"of this house and all it contains; and, my dear little girl, I only hope you may be as happy in your nest as I have been in building it for you."

"You built it—for me?" said Minnie, in so low a voice that I should hardly have thought Jack could have heard, and without once looking up at him, which did not seem to me pretty manners under the circumstances.

"For you and King Toad," answered Jack, laughing.

"King Toad?" repeated Minnie, looking up now with a puzzled face.

"I ought to beg Mr. Edward Wyndham's pardon for that, I suppose," said Jack; "but have you forgotten our conversation last spring, when you gave me to understand that you could not make that young gentleman your King Toad for want of a toad-stool to hold your court under? Now here is the toad-stool, and I hope—"

"I don't want it! I won't have it!" interrupted Minnie, pulling her hands away, and rushing to the window with cheeks as red as the scarlet geraniums there. "It's too, too bad! Ned Wyndham, indeed?"

"But, my dear child," remonstrated Jack, who stood like a statue of astonishment where she had left him, "we all fancied you liked him."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should fancy it," retorted Minnie, with an emphasis very much misplaced on so small a word. "I detest him, and—everybody!"

"Me too?" "Oh, Minnie, Minnie!" said Jack, walking toward her. "Why, what is the matter, Minnie?"

Jack Heaton built me, I know that; but still I must say I think that there could hardly ever have been another man so stupid in such a case. I was new; I had had no experience in that kind of thing; but, for all that, I knew what was the matter with Minnie.

"Are you angry with me?" Jack blundered on. "What have I done? Won't you look at me, Minnie?" for she sat still where she had flung herself into the "disgracefully easy chair," and kept her face obstinately turned away from him. But when he said, "Won't you look at me, Minnie?" she raised her eyes to his very slowly, almost as if against her will. I don't know what he read in her eyes, for I was watching him, but I know I saw the oddest sort of change come over his face, and he put out his hand quickly in a blind sort of way, and struck it against the window-sill. There was a long pause.

"So you won't take my house?" he said, suddenly, in an indescribable tone.

"Never, on that condition," answered Minnie, emphatically.

"And on what, then?" said he.

"None that would oblige me to—to leave you all," said Minnie. "How pretty those scarlet leaves look in the corner there!" she added, lightly, rising and taking a step forward.

"Stop a minute," said Jack. She stood still, without replying, just on the edge of the balcony, waiting for him to speak. I really thought he never was going to, but still she waited without a word. "Minnie," he said at last, "I am a great deal older than you."

"Après?" said she saucily. I could have shaken the little witch for her pretences; for, though Jack couldn't see her face, I could, and it was all in a quiver.

"And—but—I have cared more for you than anything else ever since you came to us."

"And so have I, Jack," she said, all in a breath, but hanging down her head.

I was not altogether pleased with this answer, it was so very illogical; but it seemed to satisfy Jack, for he caught both her hands again—and but no, on second thoughts I won't tell you what he did, for I am eminently a proper house, and I should not like you to get a wrong idea of me from any foolish behavior of my owners. I'll tell you instead what I did; I gave a tremendous crack that startled them both. Minnie gave a little scream.

"It's nothing but the walls," said Jack, reassuringly. "It's often so with new houses."

"Are you sure?" said Minnie, peering round through the twilight. "I thought perhaps somebody might have seen—Only think, Jack, if walls had eyes and ears as well!"

If I—I cracked again, louder than before, this time with amusement.

"Oh dear!" said Minnie, pretending fright in so pretty a way that I excused the temporary imbecility of Jack's face. "Do let us get away before the ceiling tumbles about our ears!"

It is some years since that evening. Jack has had a kind of covered piazza built between us two houses, the old and the new, and it would really be difficult to see which of us the family live in. All that can be said with any certainty is that, take us altogether, we are a very happy family indeed, and, spite of our semi-separation, an uncommonly united one.

This is the real, reliable history of the house that Jack built. I give you my word there is not a word of truth in that absurd old riddle about the cat and the rat and the malt, and all the rest of it; and if you continue to pin your faith to it in the teeth of my assurance, it will only be out of the obstinacy peculiar to the human race.

MISCHIEVOUS DOLLY.

Mr. Stephen Cowan, retired wholesale grocer, owner of the prettiest house and most extensive grounds in O—, old, fat, and hot-tempered, was in a rage. Not, be it understood, that it was any very extraordinary event in the household, for Mr. Cowan averaged about four fits of rage per diem.

But this time his anger was fearful to behold.

The object against whom his present fury was directed, his nephew and namesake, Stephen Cowan Hill, only child of his sister, sat calmly regarding the old gentleman as he strode up and down the room, uttering threats and taunts innumerable.

It was certainly aggravating to have such tempestuous volleys of wrath so placidly received.

Mr. Hill, puffing a fragrant Havannah, with an air of perfect respect for his uncle, spoke little, and was perfectly unmoved by the most fearful threats.

At last, exhausted by his own violence, the old gentleman threw himself into a deep arm-chair, crying, as a final salute—

"You are an ungrateful puppy, sir!"

"I may be a puppy, uncle," was the quiet reply, "but I am not ungrateful."

"Not ungrateful!" roared his uncle. "Who has been a second father to you for fifteen years? Who educated you, sent you to college, made a lawyer of you, allows you a decent income till you can catch a client—who?"

"I do not deny, sir, my obligations to you, but I do deny the ingratitude. I am deeply and profoundly grateful."

"Show it, then—prove it!"

"I have tried for years, Uncle Stephen, to fill the place of a son to you."

"I don't want a son's place filled; I want you to pay some regard to my wishes."

"You want me to marry my cousin Dolly?"

"Exactly. You are now twenty-five; Dolly is seventeen. You are my only relatives; and I propose to leave you all I possess. But I won't divide the property. I say, sir, I won't divide the property."

"The property is your own, sir. Leave it to my cousin entire, if you wish."

"I don't wish to!" roared the angry man again. "I wish to leave it entire to both. I can do that if you are married."

"I cannot marry Dolly."

"Why not? Is your heart set upon somebody else?"

"No, sir. My heart is my own, as yet."

"Then give it to Dolly."

"Never," was the firm reply. "My cousin has been here three months, and during that time the sole desire of her life seems to have been to torment me."

"I have not had a meal without pins in my napkin, salt in my coffee, sugar on my meat, or some other ladylike trick played upon me. My bed is filled with burrs, my cigars are drenched in cologne water, my gloves have pins in the fingers, my hat is filled with chicken feathers."

"Really, I cannot enumerate the various ways in which this young lady develops the desire to irritate me."

"This she cannot do. I am not to be irritated. Still, as a wife, I object to anyone who annoys me. Besides, I have an eye for beauty, and my cousin Dolly is simply hideous—a red-headed imp."

"And you won't marry her?"

"I will not."

"Then, sir, you will never inherit one farthing of my money."

Stephen Hill rose, and bowed politely.

"I cannot be bought, uncle," he said. "Suppose we end this unprofitable conversation."

"Go, sir! I never expected such opposition from you. Send Dolly to me, will you?"

But Dolly was not to be found, for the good and sufficient reason that she was in the deep window-seat, hidden by the curtains, in the very room where her future was being so hotly discussed and so coolly decided.

She had been fast asleep when the gentlemen entered the room, but waking to hear "Uncle Steve in a tantrum," had sagely concluded to lie quiet until the storm was over.

When her uncle himself finally started from the room in search of her, she darted from her hiding place, and sped to her own room, to look the door and burst into a fit of laughter.

"So my stately cousin won't marry me at any price," she said at last.

"Poor fellow! Can't be irritated! He is about right there."

"I have tried in vain to move him from his cool nonchalance."

"He is not lazy, either."

"He studies hard, and saves uncle the work of three men in his superintendence of the place. I'm a red-headed imp, am I? Let me see."

She darted to the bureau, and resting her chin upon her hand, her elbow on the mirror stand, she critically surveyed her face.

"H'm!" she said, musingly. "Nobody can deny the red head, fiery red! Complexion, freckled, as is proper; auburn eyes, inclined to green; figure, thin, angular, and awkward; movements, too abrupt for grace; features, so-so; teeth, good; mouth moderate. Room for improvement decidedly."

"Dolly! Dolly!" cried her uncle.

"Coming, sir. I wonder who called me Dolly!" she soliloquised, as she ran downstairs; "my name is not even Dorothy."

Mr. Stephen Hill found that his uncle meant to keep his threat.

He was politely requested to remove to the city, if he would not comply with the old gentleman's conditions; and a month later found him established in a lodging house in London, and the occupant of a neat office.

A present at parting of a thousand pounds relieved his mind of immediate anxiety.

Two years passed away, and Mr. Stephen Cowan was removed to another world, leaving a will in exact accordance with his threat.

Stephen Hill was to inherit half his property, if he married his cousin, otherwise the whole estate was to become Dolly's.

Dolly's twenty-first birthday was to find her cousin's wife, or the heiress of her uncle's fortune.

An important lawsuit prevented Mr. Hill from attending his uncle's funeral, but he smiled at the lawyer's letter containing the copy of the will.

"Poor Uncle Steve!" he said gently, "he left me my fortune when he gave me my education and my profession. I am on the road to wealth now, and certainly cannot be tempted by money to marry that red-headed imp, my cousin Dolly. Ugh! the very idea of a wife like that makes me shiver. You are welcome to your fortune, cousin, but you can't have me."

Another year was passed by the young lawyer in rapidly climbing the ladder to wealth and honor, and found him yet heart whole.

But Cupid is a god who will have one shot at every man; and on a certain wet evening in November, he fixed an arrow for Mr. Stephen Hill.

It was at the dinner-table that the young gentleman noticed a new face added to the corps of boarders—two new faces, indeed, but only one attracted his notice.

This one was that of a young lady.

She was tall and slender, yet not too thin.

Every movement was graceful, and the small, exquisitely-shaped head was poised upon perfect shoulders.

Her complexion was delicately fair, and faintly colored at the cheeks; her eyes were of soft, dark hazel, and her hair was a profusion of short curls of deep chestnut-brown.

It was not often that the busy young lawyer found time to saunter into the parlor; but the attraction of that face for once put his business quite out of his mind, and he found himself bowing, upon his landlady's introduction, to—

"Miss Clarice Harding, and her niece, Miss Margaret Harding."

Cupid fired his first arrow as the soft brown eyes were raised to meet Mr. Hill's, and a blush mantled on the fair young face.

A second shot told upon the lawyer's heart when Miss Margaret Harding sang for him.

Music led to conversation, and the young man adroitly won the good will of the maiden aunt by a few games of backgammon.

From that time Cupid left the field, secure of his victory.

Parties of three visited the opera, theatre, concerts, and, as the spring opened, the drives in the park developed new and astounding beauties when viewed by Stephen in the society of Misses Clarice and Margaret Harding.

The dear old lady had a most delightful habit of becoming very weary and inclined to rest, when the party left the carriage for a walk, and executed most astonishing intricacies with knitting-needles and crochet-hooks, and brightly-colored wools, while the young folks sauntered slowly along the paths.

The conversation and the mutual pleasure of their intercourse must have sped time on fairy footsteps, for the old lady really had full opportunity for a thorough rest before she was roused from her fancy work by the returning footsteps of her companions.

The apartment of the Misses Harding also became a perfect bower of Flora, with the exquisite bouquets left daily with Mr. Hill's card.

Summer was speeding along, when one morning Miss Margaret Harding made the following mysterious declaration to her aunt—

"I think, auntie, that we may prepare to return home next week. If I am not greatly mistaken, there will be a wedding at Owensville between Mr. Hill and—"

"Dolly?"

"Exactly."

That same evening, when Mr. Hill called, Margaret said—

"We are thinking of leaving the city."

"Leaving the city!" echoed the gentleman, in a voice of consternation.

"Certainly. Is there anything wonderful in the desire to exchange these streets for the green fields and shady lanes of the country?"

"But you will return soon?"

"Oh, no; we are only visiting in London. My home is in H—, and I shall probably reside there in future. I may visit the city occasionally, however."

In a moment Stephen Hill realised the mischief Cupid's arrows had wrought in the heart he had thought invulnerable.

He knew that all hope of happiness for him in the future was in the little hand of this dark-eyed girl to give or withhold.

He told his love manfully, in the frank yet quiet manner that was natural to him, and Margaret answered him—

"You ask me if I can return your love? I tell you frankly I do return it. Stay! It is but fair to tell you that if I marry you, I will lose half my fortune."

"I never knew you had a fortune," was the reply. "I love you, and I would ask no woman

to be my wife were not my own means sufficient to support her in comfort. As it is, I can promise you more than that. If you have money, it will be entirely your own; but the fact has never influenced me."

She laughed then, a merry, low laugh, and answered—

"I believe you, for you rejected it utterly five years ago—rejected both me and my fortune."

"I!" cried Stephen.

"The half of my money that I lost upon my wedding day will become yours, Stephen; for, in spite of all your heroic resolves, when you marry me, you will be the husband of that red-headed imp, Dolly Cowan."

"You? Impossible!"

"Quite possible."

"Six months after you left us I was prostrated by typhoid fever. I was very dangerously ill, and when I recovered, every spear of my fiery hair had been shaved off during my delirium."

"The freckles faded away, and when the lost hair was replaced, it was by the curly brown locks you see."

"Finding myself so altered, and having strayed so near the confines of the grave, I tried to mould my mind into steadier and more profitable shape."

"I studied hard, and dropped my impish tricks with my red hair."

"After uncle died, I invited my mother's sister to chaperone me during a visit to this city."

"I selected your boarding-house, Stephen, for I resolved to see if I could not restore to you the inheritance you had rejected. Had I found you one whom I could not love, or had I failed to win your heart, I could still have claimed you for a friend and cousin."

"But you will be my sweet wife," he said, taking her little hand—"and tell me when I may ask you to change—by the way—your name?"

"My name is Margaret Harding Cowan. Dolly is a nursery nickname that was kept up at home, and by my uncle."

So the old gentleman's will was fulfilled in its conditions, and O— remained entire, the legacy of his nephew Stephen Cowan Hill, and that red-headed imp, Mischievous Dolly.

A SHOT FOR A LIFE.

Where the Kentucky River cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as was in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from willow twigs or plant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier fort. One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling step and bloodshot eyes told that he was intoxicated, appeared, and staggering to the log steps threw himself upon them. His first demand was for fire water, which was of course refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and declared with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household. Branson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prove the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk, Branson sprang at him, knocked him down with a blow of his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious ravings and futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sank into a drunken sleep. He did not awake until the next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons and, without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near by.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a frightened look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!" answered the settler, lightly; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard he muttered—

"Like it? Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered, but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstance."

The summer passed, and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his

appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes, but which quickly disappeared when he advanced to where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he had knocked down and bound the previous spring. The news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of his discovery.

It would only alarm her, he thought, and without, perhaps, any good result. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and that she and the child must stay within or close to the house during his absence.

Several days afterwards, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and, as he arrived in sight, they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and, when he at last got a shot that finished brum's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his meat to a sapling, out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his horse and return and fetch it that night.

Taking a near cut, he approached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

Thus it was that, when within a short distance of his home, he heard a wild, piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprang forward like a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliff, of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face as pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of an Indian was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and Branson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father for a moment quailed and cowered under what his quick senses told him, the deadly peril of the little one. But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away, step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance the fell purpose that actuated the abductor.

"God aid me!" Branson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glancing through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph he passed upward.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot. Where was this man from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanation. The stranger, a man rather below than above ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly planted his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle, as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the agonized mother uttered an audible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian!" was the quick reply, and the sharp click! click! of the hammer, as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he paused for a moment. This opportunity was seized by the unknown. Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child in front of himself as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot.

For one second as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became as immovable as though held in a vice. With clasped hands and staring eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out; the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clearer, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly an instant, and then pitch forward on the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," exclaimed the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said—and was gone.

"THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1873.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that future Rejected Contributions will not be returned.

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.

Queer Day's Fishing; A Wayward Woman; Christmas Eve on the Snow; Miss March's Christmas Eve; Love in Poetry; Delays are Dangerous: The Wrong Boat; Three Lovers; Poetical Temperance Tale; George Leitrim; The Mysterious Letter; Trial and Triumphs of Elizabeth Ray, School Teacher; Little Mrs. Rivington; Sentenced to Death; The New Teacher; Harris Lookwood; The Backwoods Schoolmaster; Mrs. Power's Lucky Day; Nick Plowshare's Fairy Story; That Emigrant Girl; The Phantom Trapper; A Romance of Poutsville; My Cousin Coralie; The Dying Year's Lament; Dawn; Improvisation; Skeletons; He Will Return; Susie; The Merchant's Reward; A Night at St. Aubé's; And Then; Blossom and Blight! Esther's Lovers; The Mystery of Boutwell Hall; Mount Royal Cemetery; Blighted Hopes; Minnie Lee's Valentines; Eva Hilltop's Valentine; A Tom Cat in the Breach; The Fatal Stroke; Only a Farmer; Meta's Broken Faith; How We Spend a Holiday in Newfoundland; Twice Wedded; John Jones and His Bargain; The Clouded Life; My Own Canadian Home; The Lost Atlantic; Gay and Grave Gossip; Lovely Spring; From India to Canada; Resurgam; A Railway Nap and its Consequences; Love or Money; For His Sake; Showed In; The False Heart and the True; Leave Me; Is There Another Shore; Weep Not For Me; Those Old Grey Walls; The Stepmother; Tom Arnold's Charge; Worth, Not Wealth; Miriam's Love; Modern Conveniences; Little Clare; Mirabile Dictu; Up the Saguenay; Ella Loring; Charles Foot; The Heroine of Mount Royal; The Rose of Fernhurst; Photographing Our First-born; Neskeonough Lake; A Midnight Adventure; Jean Douglas; The Restored Lover; Woman's Courage; A Story in a Story; Tried and True; Dr. Solon Sweetbottle; Second Sight; Eclipses; Geneviève Ducloux; Our Destiny; Port Royal; Night Thoughts; Mr. Bouncer's Travels; Watching the Dead; Delusions; To Shakespeare; An Adventuress; The Wandering Minstrel; Spring; The White Man's Revenge; The Lilacs; A Trip Around the Stove; My First Situation; An Unfortunate Resurrection; Our John; Kitty Merle; History of William Wood; Willersleigh Hall; A Night at Mrs. Manning's; Won and Lost; The Lady of the Falls; Chronicles of Willoughby Centre; Why Did She Doubt Him; Jack Miller the Drover; Ellen Mayford; Re-compensed.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Fourth of January next, and if not applied for by that time will be destroyed. Stamps should be sent for return postage.

The Age of Vulgar Glitter; Mrs. Seymore's Curls; To the Absent; By the Waters; Almonte; To a Lover; A Fragment from the Scenes of Life; The Axle of the Heavens; The Correct View; Apostrophe to a Tear; June; A Debtor's Dilemmas; Proved; Wanted Some Beaux; Canadian Rain Storm After Long Drought; The Murderer's Mistake; Yesterday; Carrie's Hat and What Came of It; Leonie Collyer's Error; A Memory Autumn.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Twentieth of December next.

HALLOWEEN.

What a flood of pleasant old time recollections this beautiful Saxon word recalls. Halloween, or the Eve of All Hallows, is associated in our minds with the turn of the leaf, the sombre glories of Autumn, the mild effulgence of the Indian summer and the kindling of the cheerful evening fire as the fresh winds from the hill-side, sigh at the window pane. The home pictures which it evokes are those of the family gathered in the sitting-room, the father in his great chair by the hearth; the mother with knitting needles in her hands; the eldest daughter with her first born in arms and a bevy of children scattered about the floor engaged in the uproarious game of the Three Dishes or Luggies. One of these dishes is filled with clean water, a second with foul water and the third is empty. They are ranged side by side and the parties, blindfolded, advance in succession and dip their finger in one. If they dip into the clean water, they are to marry a maiden; if they dip into the foul water, they are to marry a widow; if they dip into the empty basin, they are to remain bachelors. A like fate attends the girl who goes through the ordeal.

Or else the children are engaged cracking and eating nuts which they make the means of divination in their little affairs of the heart. When the young women wish to know whether their lovers will prove faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grates, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married.

As to apples, there is an old custom of hanging up a stick horizontally by a string from the ceiling and putting a candle on one end and an apple on the other. The stick being made to twirl rapidly, the merry makers in succession leap up and snatch at the apple with their teeth, but it very frequently happens that the candle comes round before they are aware, and scorches them in the face or anoints them with grease. Sometimes, too, the apples are set afloat in a tub of water, into which the children duck their heads with the view of catching an apple. Of course this is a rather difficult feat to perform and the efforts required in its accomplishment are the source of much amusement. Halloween is also devoted to the invocation of spirits which were popularly supposed to roam at liberty that night, the graveyard having yawned and the earth given up its dead. Many were the spells of Halloween. One was to wet a shirt-sleeve, hang it up before the fire to dry and lie in bed till midnight, when the apparition of the individual's future partner for life came in and turned the sleeve. There were other rites, such as the burning of hemp-seed and the winnowing of three wechts of nothing, that is, repeating three times the action of exposing corn to the wind. In all of these the effect sought to be produced was the appearance of the future wife or husband of the performer. All those who have read the *Monastery* of Sir Walter Scott will remember that, according to popular belief, children born on Halloween, possessed certain mysterious faculties, such as that of perceiving and holding converse with supernatural beings.

It is one of the reproaches which may be laid at the door of our materialistic modern civilization that most, if not all, of these beautiful old customs of our ancestors, so full of poetry and of innocent recreation, have been allowed to fall into desuetude. If they were restored, at least in part, there would be more of the home feeling among us, more tightening of the domestic ties and more real affection among those related by blood, than there is at present where affectation and modishness give the law to society and selfishness is the supreme law.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to the Editor FAVORITE and marked "Correspondence."

J. S.—We are not aware of any such company having been formed.

WICKLOW.—Inquire of any newsdealer. At least one family paper is a necessary appendage to every fireside. Try the FAVORITE. We are sure you will not regret it.

J. B.—The back numbers will be sent you at once. The monthly parts of the FAVORITE are very convenient for reference, as they are indexed. At the end of the year they make a portly volume, filled with a variety of useful information hard to find anywhere else.

R. P. Whitby, wants to know who wrote Hudibras. "He is a funny dog, and ought to be more generally known." The author of Hudibras is an obscure fellow by the name of Sam Butler. We thought he was pretty well known, but if R. P. thinks he is not, then we agree with him that he ought to be.

A YOUNG NATURALIST inquires whether birds migrate at night? Of course they do. It was only a week or two ago that a gentleman of our acquaintance heard the cry of sand-larks during the whole of an evening, and, on going out, saw the air dark with them, as they were winging their flight towards the South.

CARLO, Melbourne.—If you feel you have aptitude for composition, try your hand certainly. You cannot be better employed. But do not commit the common mistake of imagining that the first thing you have written must be good, and above all, do not send it to us with a request to publish it. Generally the first, second, third and fourth down to the tenth composition is only fit to kindle fire with.

JUNIPER.—Please do not send us any more verses. You have not the slightest conception of metre, and even your knowledge of grammar is dubious. Editors can endure a great deal, but there is a limit to their forbearance. Read your poems to yourself, or to your mother-in-law. You may possibly have a grudge against either or both of these individuals, but surely you can have no reason to do us an injury.

MARITANA writes: "Are we to have an opera season this winter, as we had last? Because, if we ain't, I shall not order a new cloak and hood." We are sure it would be a pity that our fair correspondent should deprive herself of a new cloak and hood, in which she must look lovely, but we are sorry to hear that the Holmans will not come to us this winter. Cloak or no cloak, we for one should like to hear Sallie Holman once more.

AN OLD BACHELOR, Hochelaga, asks: "Don't you think a lady ought to thank a gentleman when he cedes her his place in a crowded street car? I have done this kindness to several whom I knew to be ladies, and they never even looked an acknowledgment." Ah! dear friend, you touch upon a point which has tried us sorely more than once. We, too, have yielded our seats to pretty females in a crowded car, and sometimes in a car that was not too crowded, purposely to get a look of their sweeteyes. And nearly as often have we been disappointed. But really we must not complain. Ladies are privileged to do as they like. Their will is law. But if ever you do get an acknowledgment of any kind, let us know, and we shall both be happy.

A STUDENT, of Three Rivers, writes: 1. "Can you tell me what books I should read to acquire a thorough knowledge of Canadian history?" 2. "Is there a reliable map of New France?" 3. "Was Bienville Canadian born?" 1. The consecutive history of Canada yet remains to be written, but all things considered, we have reason to be proud of our historical treasures. To say nothing of Champlain, Charlevoix and the *Relations*, we have Garneau and Ferland's works in French, and Christie's and MacMullin's in English; with several important monographs in both English and French. There is no doubt, however, that a complete history of Canada from the discovery to our days, in several volumes, is desirable and will soon be forthcoming. 2. Charlevoix's map is reliable. Consult Bouchette. 3. Bienville was a member of the Lemoine family, Seigniors of Longueville. There were several brothers. All of them distinguished in the army and navy.

W. J. S., Toronto, says: "I am glad to see that you have opened a column to correspondents, for, although one would think it easier to ask advice of his near neighbors, the contrary is the fact, and besides one likes to have this advice in black and white on paper." Our friend imagines, no doubt, that what is printed is more reliable. Perhaps he is right, though newspapers are inclined to be skeptical on that score. W. J. S. then asks: "Is there any way of getting redress for irregularities in the delivery of the mails? I have suffered in this way of late, but I fear that the Post Office is a corporation too powerful for me." We happen to know that all the Postmasters are trying their best to remedy the irregularities complained of, and we are certain that if our correspondent sets down his case in writing and delivers it to his Postmaster, he will obtain redress without delay. Let him make the attempt, at any rate, and if he fails, it will then be the time to go to the newspapers about it.

NEWS NOTES.

SEVERAL failures are reported in London.

MORE agrarian outrages have been committed in Ireland.

THE village of Hull has passed resolutions of sympathy with Riel.

MALTA is reported to be the new headquarters of the Jesuits lately expelled from Rome.

TORONTO is to have a new Opera House, the stock for which has been nearly all subscribed.

THE Jesuits in Rome will quit their establishments on November 30th, and retire to private houses.

THE greater part of the business portion of the town of Reno, Nevada, has been burned. Loss, \$100,000.

THE Reading Railway Company's stables at New Brunswick, N. Y., have been burned. Loss, \$20,000.

SEVERAL Republican candidates have been returned in France in the elections for municipal officers.

THE Harmony Cotton Mills at Cohoes, N.Y., the largest of the kind in the world, have closed indefinitely.

PRINCE Bismarck has been appointed President of the German Ministry in the place of General Von Roon.

THE Vienna Free Press is not allowed to be circulated in Paris, because of its attacks on President McMahon.

THREE persons have been killed at London, England, by an accident on the Metropolitan Underground Railway.

SPAIN will send 5,000 additional troops to Cuba before the 30th of November, to continue the struggle in that island.

FORTY houses and several hotels were destroyed by fire at Syracuse, N.Y., lately. Loss from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

APPLICATION for a charter for a new gas company for Toronto is to be made at the next sitting of the Ontario Legislature.

THE Lisbon police has seized a quantity of arms intended for the Carlists, and arrested the parties who had them in charge.

A PETITION has been sent to Ottawa to have Mr. Mingay, surveyor of Customs at Kingston, appointed to the Collectorship of that port.

A MEETING in favor of an amnesty to the Fenian convicts was held at Blackheath, Eng., on Saturday. Six thousand people attended.

A MAN named Richard Lane was found dead about three miles from Toronto, lately. The body was warm when discovered, and foul play is suspected.

THE Bonapartist organ at Paris has published a document signed by many deputies, protesting against the restoration of a monarchy without consulting the country.

THE S.S. "Ismaïa," of the Cunard Line, which sailed from New York for Glasgow, a month ago, has not been heard of yet, and fears for her safety are entertained.

A TELEGRAM from London reports that Sir Garnet Wolseley, Commander of the Ashantee expedition, received instructions to first offer terms of peace to the Ashantees.

A PARIS paper says Count de Chambord has assured the foreign powers that his policy will not be aggressive, and he will not seek to restore the Pope his temporal possessions.

THE ceremony of consecrating the new Bishop for Algoma was performed at Toronto last week by the Bishop of Montreal. The Bishops of Quebec, Ontario and Huron were present.

ONE of the witnesses in the Bazaine trial has been arrested for writing a letter to the Duke d'Aumale, in which he stipulated what questions should be asked him at the examination.

THE Spanish Government has addressed a note to the foreign powers, complaining of the interference of a French gunboat at Cartagena, and thereby precipitating a late naval combat.

THE Ottawa City and County Councils have had a conference yesterday with regard to abolishing the tolls on all roads leading to the Capital, and a motion having that object in view was adopted.

PRESIDENT McMahon has issued an address to the army, in which he alludes to the insubordinate conduct of one of the generals, and appeals to the soldiers to maintain discipline, and support the laws.

MR. Green, builder, and five men working on a building at St. Thomas, Ont., were precipitated to the ground by the breaking of one of the bents at the top of the building. Two of them were seriously hurt, while a third has died.

A DESPATCH from St. Petersburg brings intelligence of a revolt in Khiva upon the evacuation of the capital by the Russians. The town was plundered and destroyed, and 1,600 emancipated Persian slaves fell victims to the fury of the rebels.

NEWS has been received at Ottawa of the death of Mr. Dixon, Chief Emigration Agent in London, which took place on Tuesday week. His death must have been sudden, as letters written by him were received at the Department of Agriculture on the day on which the news of his decease reached Ottawa.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

BY WALTER SEDWIN.

I love to dream again, when autumn dresses
All the foliage in purple, brown and gold,
Of these merry, laughing eyes and golden
tresses,
That were mine, all mine, in happy days of
old.
A child was she, and I was but another,
All untutored in the strife of later years;
Yet I guarded her e'en as an elder brother,
Sharing all her little childish hopes and fears.
Oh, darling, time and trouble have estranged us
Since the joyous, happy days of youth have
flown;
And the cares of worldly strife have sadly
changed us—
Now we wander, sad and sorrowful, alone.
But still in Autumn do I love to cherish
Happy memories of childhood's vanished
years,
Thoughts that fuel add to love that cannot
perish,
Though remembrance never comes except
with tears.
I love to picture thee, my darling, sitting
'Neath the trees that sheltered us so long ago,
With the shadows ever changing, ever flitting,
In the glory of the Autumn sunset glow.
I fancy I depict thy blue eyes beaming
With the fervor of a love that ne'er shall
cease;
Oh, my darling, come and change this happy
dreaming
To the real—bring my troubled spirit peace!

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The
Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III.

HOMER SIVEWRIGHT'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

It was nearly dusk that evening when Lucius returned to Cedar House. His daily round had occupied more time than usual, and however full his mind might be of that strange old man, or of the woman he loved, he did not shorten a visit or neglect the smallest detail of his duty. The lamp was lighted in Mr. Sivewright's room, though it was not yet dark outside—only the sultry dusk of a late summer day. The day had been oppressive, and the Shadrack district had a prostrate air in its parched dustiness, like a camel in the desert panting for distant water-pools. The low leaden sky had threatened a storm since noon, and the denizens of the Shadrack-road, more especially the feminine population, had been so fluttered and disturbed by the expectation of the coming tempest as to be unable, in their own language, "to set to anything," all day long. Work at the wash-tub had progressed slowly, wringing had hung on hand, and the very mangles of Shadrack had turned listlessly under the influence of the weather. It was the cholera season, too—a period which set in as regularly in this district as the gambling season or the water-drinking season at Homburg or Baden, or the bathing season at Ostend or Biarritz. Stone fruit was selling cheaply on the hawker's barrows, cucumbers were at a discount, vegetable marrow's met with no inquiry, conger eel and mackerel were unpopular, and even salmon was not a stranger to the barrows. All the wealth of the vanishing summer—luxuries with a few short weeks ago had been counted amongst the delicacies of the season, and paid for accordingly—had drifted this way on the strong tide of time, and lay as it were at the feet of the Shadrackites. Upon which the Shadrackites, looking askant at the costermonger's barrows, remarked that cholera was about.

Mr. Davoren found his patient seated before a writing-table, which he had never until now seen opened. It was that kind of writing-table which is called a *bonheur du jour*, a small table provided with numerous drawers; a table of choice tulip wood, inlaid with brass and tortoise-shell, with brass mounts; a table which, according to Mr. Sivewright, had been made by no lesser hands than those of Francis Boulé. The lamp stood on this table, all the drawers were open and brimming over with papers, and before it, wrapped in the ancient dressing-gown of faded damask, sat the old man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Lucius, about to withdraw, for he knew that his patient had strange secret ways about his papers. "You are

not ready for me, perhaps. I'll go down and talk to Lucille for a few minutes."
"Do nothing of the kind; I am quite ready for you. These papers have much to do with what I am going to say. Come in, and lock the door. I have locked the other door myself. I want to be secure from the possibility of interruption. And now sit down by my side."
Lucius obeyed without a word.

"Now," said Mr. Sivewright, with the old keen look and sharp tone, the natural energy in the man dominating even the prostration of sickness, "give me a straight answer to a straight question. You have had the run of this house for a long time; have seen everything, have had time to form your judgment: which do you think me now—a poor man or a miser?"
"You will not be offended by my candor?" inquired Lucius.

"Certainly not. Have I not enjoined you to be candid?"
"You," replied the other, with a grave smile, "I admit that, in spite of your protestations of poverty, I have thought you rich. Until a short time ago, indeed, I was inclined to believe your

and will sell a year hence for half as much again. The value of money is diminishing year by year; the number of wealthy buyers is increasing year by year; and these treasures and relics of the past—specimens of manufactures that have perished, of arts that are forgotten, the handiwork of genius which has left no inheritors—these cannot multiply. The capital these represent is large, and whenever they are put up to auction in Christie and Manson's sale-rooms, that capital will be quadrupled. I do not speak at random, Davoren; I know my trade. After the apprenticeship of a life-time I can venture to speak boldly. I have spent thirty thousand pounds upon the treasures of this house and I consider that thirty thousand of sunk capital to represent above a hundred thousand in the future."
Lucius looked at the speaker mute with astonishment. Was this utter madness? The hallucination of a mind which had become distorted by constant dwelling upon one subject? The wild dream of an art fanatic? Homer Sivewright's calm and serious air—the business-like manner of his statement—forbade the idea. He



"THE LOVERS—TWENTY YEARS AGO."

statement; I really thought that you had sunk all your money in the purchase of these things," with that half-contemptuous glance at the art-treasures which Mr. Sivewright had before observed; "but when you spoke the other day of a possible intruder in this house with so much alarm, I told myself that if you had nothing to lose—or nothing more portable than yonder sarcophagus or this desk—you could hardly cherish the suspicion of foul play."
"Fairly reasoned. Then you thought, because I was alarmed by the idea of a secret visitant prowling about my house in the dead of the night, that I must need have some secret hoard, some hidden treasure for whose safety I feared?"
"That was almost my thought."
"There you were wrong; but only so far were you wrong," answered Mr. Sivewright, with unwonted energy. "I am not such a baby as to hoard my guineas in an old muniment-chest, for the babyish pleasure of gloating over my treasure in the stillness of the night—letting the golden coins run like glittering yellow water through my fingers; counting and recounting; stacking the gold into little piles, twenties, fifties, hundreds. No, I am a miser—granted; but I am not a fool. There is nothing in this house but the objects with you have seen; but those are worth a princely fortune. This very table at which I am now sitting, and which to your uneducated eye doubtless seems a tawdry glimmering thing, was sold at Christie's six months ago for a hundred and twenty pounds,

lived, as you say, like an anchorite—for that result? Only to amass this heap of things—as useless for any of the practical needs of life as they are artistically beautiful. You have pinched and scraped and toiled—shortened your own life, and robbed your grandchild of every joy that makes youth worth having. Good heavens," exclaimed Lucius, indignant at the thought of that joyless existence, to which this old man had condemned Lucille, "was there ever such folly! Nay, it is worse than folly, it is a crime—a sin against yourself, whom you have robbed of natural rest, and all the comforts to which men look forward as the solace of age—a still greater sin against that unselfish girl whose life you have filled with care and trouble."
This reproach struck home. The old man sighed heavily, his head drooped upon his breast, and he covered his face with his thin hand.
"Why have you made this insensate use of your money?" exclaimed Lucius. "What madness possessed you?"
"The madness men call revenge," cried Mr. Sivewright, uncovering his face and lifting his head proudly, with an air of triumph. "Listen, Lucius Davoren, and when you have heard my story, call me a madman if you will. You will at least perceive that there has been a fixed purpose in all I did. When my false ungrateful son—whom I had loved with all the weak indulgent affection of the solitary man who concentrates all his store of feeling upon one object, his only child—when my wicked son left me, he left me impoverished by his theft, and, as he doubtless believed, ruined for life. He shook the dust of my house from his feet, and went out into the world, never intending to recross my threshold. I had nothing more that could tempt him. My stock had been diminishing daily under his dishonest hands; the sacrifice I had made to secure the new premises shrunk it to a vanishing point. Thus he left me, to all intents and purposes a beggar. It was the old story of the squeezed orange. He had no compunction in flinging away the rind."
"He used you hardly," said Lucius, "like a villain as he was."
"On the night after he left me, I sat alone by my miserable hearth, in that room which had never witnessed one hour of domestic peace; I sat alone, and brooded over my wrongs. Then it seemed to me almost as if that very devil who came to Dr. Faustus in his study came and stood behind my chair, and whispered in my ear, 'Come,' said the fiend, 'love is worn out, but there is one thing left you still—revenge. Grow rich, and this base son, who leaves you to perish like a maimed lion in his den, will come back and fawn upon you for your money. Grow rich again; show him what might have been his reward had he behaved decently to you. Let him lie at your door and starve, and beg as Dives begged for a drop of water, and be refused. Then it will be your turn to laugh, as he no doubt is now laughing at you.'"
"A strange suggestion, and worthy to come from the spirit of evil," said Lucius.
"I care not if it came straight from Lucifer," answered the other passionately. "From that hour I lived only to make money. I had lived for little else before, you will say perhaps; but I worked harder now. Fortune seemed to favor me, just as the Fates seem now and then to favor the desperate gamester. I made some lucky sales with the shrunken remnant of my stock. I found gems in queer out-of-the-way places; for at this time I was endowed with an almost superhuman activity, and travelled many miles every day. I roamed the Continent, and bought home wonders of art. I acquired a reputation for finding objects of rarest merit, and celebrated collectors paid me my price without a murmur. So I worked on, until the expiry of my lease found me with a large stock and some thousands in hand. Then the idea suddenly occurred to me that my best chance of dying a rich man—or of doubling, tripling, or quadrupling my capital before I died—was to let my stock lie fallow. I surrendered my premises rather than pay the enormous rent which the landlord demanded for them. I might have sold my stock, and retired with a comfortable income; but I determined to keep it, and die worth a hundred thousand pounds. I found this old house—roomy, secluded, cheap; I bought my wealth here. There are cases of old china stowed away in some of the rooms which you have not even seen. Since I came here, I went on buying, so long as my funds would admit; and since the exhaustion of my capital, I have done a good deal of business in the way of barter—weeding out objects of lesser value from my collection, and making many a good bargain with dealers who only half know their trade. Thus even after my funds were gone, I managed to enrich my collection."
"And now I conclude," said Lucius, "that your chief pleasure is the idea of giving your name to a museum—of leaving behind you a memorial which shall survive for generations to come?"
"I have no such thought," answered the other.
"My talk of leaving these things to the nation was but an idle threat. No, Lucius, my dream and my hope from the time of my son's desertion have been the realisation of a large fortune—you understand, a fortune—a fortune to be left away from that base boy—a fortune which he should hear of, whose full extent should be known to him; wealth that he should hunger for, while he lay in the gutter. I have made the fortune, Lucius, and I leave it all to you. That is my revenge."
"To me!" cried Lucius, aghast.
"To you. But mind, not a shilling, not a halfpenny to that man, should he come whining

to you; not a crust of bread to ward off the pangs of starvation."

"You have left everything to me," said Lucius, with undiminished surprise, "to me! You pass over your granddaughter, your own flesh and blood, to make me your heir?"

"What does it matter whether it goes to you or Lucille?" asked Mr. Sivewright impatiently. "You love her?"

"With all the strength of my heart," said Lucius. "And she is to be your wife. She will have the full benefit of all I leave you. Were it left to her—settled upon her ever so tightly, for her sole use and benefit, and so on, as the lawyers have it—you would have the advantage all the same. She would surrender all her rights to you. But she would do something worse than that. She has a foolish sentimental idea about that infamous father of hers; she would let him have the money. That is why I bequeath everything to you."

"The precaution is needless, sir," replied Lucius gravely. "I have reason to know that your son no longer lives to trouble you or his daughter."

"You have reason to know!" cried the old man angrily. "What do you know about my son? And why have you withheld your knowledge from me until this moment?"

"Because it is only within the last few weeks that I have discovered your son's identity with a man I met in America, and I did not care to disturb you by any allusion to an agitating subject."

"Who was this man?"

"You will not speak of this to Lucille? She knows nothing—she must know nothing—of her father's death," said Lucius, with painful eagerness.

He had spoken rashly, and found himself, as it were, caught in the meshes of his own ill-advised admission.

"She shall know nothing, if you insist upon it. For God's sake, don't trifle with me. Is my son dead?"

He asked the question with as agonizing an anxiety as if the son he had long ago renounced were at this moment the idol of his heart.

"I have good reason to believe that he is dead."

"That is no answer. Give me details, particulars—time, place, the manner of his death."

"I—I can only tell you what I know," said Lucius, pale to the lips. "There was a portrait amongst the lumber in your loft—the portrait of a young man with dark hair and eyes."

"There was but one picture there," answered the old man quickly—"my son's."

"That picture resembles a man I once met in America, who, I afterwards heard, was shot."

"How? by whom?"

"That I cannot tell you. You must accept the evidence for what it is worth."

"I reject it as worthless. What, you see a picture among the lumber in the loft which reminds you of a face you saw in America—the face of some man who may or may not have been killed in some gold-digger's fray, I suppose—and you jump at the conclusion that my son is dead; that the order of nature has been reversed, and that the green tree has fallen before the disabled trunk! You tell me, on no better evidence than this, that my dream of revenge has been vain; that my ungrateful son will never hear, with all the pangs of baffled avarice, of his dead father's wealth—of wealth that might have been his had he been simply honest."

"Say that I am mistaken then," replied Lucius, infinitely relieved by the old man's incredulity. How could he have answered if Mr. Sivewright had questioned him closely? He was not schooled in falsehood. The horrible truth might have been wrong from him in spite of himself. "Say that your son still lives," he went on. "I accept your trust, and thank you for your confidence in me. I shall receive your wealth, and may it be long ere it falls to my hands—rather as a trustee than an inheritor—for to my mind it will always belong to Lucille, and not to me."

"And you swear that my wicked son shall never profit by my hard-earned gains?"

"I swear it," said Lucius with a weary sigh.

"Then I am satisfied. My will is straight and simple, and leaves all to you without reserve. It has been duly witnessed, and lies in this inner drawer." He lifted the flap of the table, and showed Lucius a concealed drawer at the back. "You will remember?"

"Yes," answered the surgeon, "but I trust in God that it may be long ere that document is needed."

"That is a polite speech common to heirs," answered Mr. Sivewright, with a touch of bitterness. "But you have been very good to me," he added in a softer tone; "and I like you. Nay, could I believe in the existence of friendship, I should be induced to think that you return my liking."

"I do, sir, with all my heart," returned Lucius. "Your eccentricities kept us asunder for some time; but since you have treated me with confidence—since you have bared your heart to me, with its heavy burden of past wrongs and sorrows—you have drawn me very near to you. I deplore the mistaken principle which has guided your later life; but I cannot but acknowledge the magnitude of the wrong which inspired that dream of revenge. Yet, while I accept the trust which you are generous enough to confide in me, I regret that I should profit by your anger against another. If I did not think your son was dead—that all hope of earthly atonement for his wrong-doing is over—I should refuse to subscribe to the conditions of your bequest."

"Say no more about his death," exclaimed the old man, "or you will make me angry. Now one more word about business. If, immediately after my death, you want money, sell my collection at once. You will find a catalogue, and detached instructions, as to the manner of the sale, in this desk. If, on the other hand, you can afford to wait for your fortune—if you want the present value of those things to double itself—wait twenty years, and sell them before your eldest child comes of age. In that case, you will have a fortune large enough to make your sons great merchants—to dower half-a-dozen daughters."

"I shall not be too eager to turn your treasures into money, believe me, sir," answered Lucius.

"Good," said Mr. Sivewright. "I bought those things to sell again—speculated in them as a broker speculates in shares. Yet it gives me a sharp pang to think of their being scattered. They represent all the experience of my life, my youthful worship of art, the knowledge of my later years. I have looked at them, and handled them, till they seem to me like sentient things."

"Even Pharaoh yonder," said Lucius with a smile, anxious to turn the current of his patient's thoughts, which had been dwelling too long upon painful themes, "though he seems scarcely a lively object to adorn a bed-chamber."

"Pharaoh was a bargain," answered Mr. Sivewright, "or I shouldn't have bought him. The manufacture of mummies is one of the extinct arts, and the article must rise in market value with the lapse of years. New towns spring up; provincial museums multiply—each must have its mummy."

"Come, Mr. Sivewright, you have been talking rather more than is good for an invalid. May I ring for your supper?"

"Yes, if you forbid further talk, but I have something more, another matter, and one of some importance, to discuss with you."

"Let that stand over till to-morrow. You have fatigued and excited yourself too much already. I will be with you at the same time to-morrow evening, if you like."

"Do, there is something I am anxious to speak about; not quite so important as the subject of our conversation to-night, but yet something that ought to be spoken of. Come to-morrow evening at the same time. Yes, you are right, I have tired myself out already."

Mr. Sivewright flung himself back in his chair exhausted. Lucius reproached himself for having suffered his patient to talk so much, and upon so agitating a topic. He stayed while the old man sipped a cup of beef-tea, which he finished with a painful effort; Lucille standing by, and looking on anxiously all the while. She had brought the little supper-tray from the adjoining room with her own hands.

"Do try to eat it, dear grandpapa," she said, as Mr. Sivewright trifled with his spoon, and looked despondently at the half-filled cup. "I made it myself, on purpose that it should be good and strong."

"It is good enough, child, if you could give me the inclination to eat," answered the old man, pushing away the cup with a sigh; "and now good-night to you both. I am tired, and shall go to bed at once."

"Don't lock the dressing-room door to-night, grandpapa," said Lucille. "I am going to sleep there in future, so that I may be close at hand if you should want anything in the night."

"I never want anything in the night," answered Mr. Sivewright impatiently. "You may just as well sleep in your own room."

"But I like to be near you, grandpapa, and Lucius says you ought to take a little beef-tea very early in the morning. Please leave the door unlocked."

"Very well; but, in that case, mind you lock the outer door."

"I will be careful to do so, grandpapa."

"Be sure of that. This change of rooms is a foolish fancy; but I am too feeble to dispute the point. Good-night."

He dismissed them both with a wave of his hand—the grandchild who represented the sum-total of his kindred, and the man to whom he had bequeathed his fortune.

Lucille and Lucius went down-stairs together, but both were curiously silent.

The surgeon's mind was full of that strange conversation with Homer Sivewright; the girl had a thoughtful air, as if her mind also were absorbed by some engrossing subject.

In the dimly-lighted hall she paused, by the open door of the sitting-room, where Mrs. Wincher had just put down the little tray with her young mistress's meagre supper.

"Will you come into the parlour for a little while, Lucius?" she asked, as her lover lingered on the threshold with an undecided air. Something unfamiliar in the tone of her voice jarred upon his ear.

"You ask the question almost as if you wished me to say no, Lucille," he said.

"I am a little tired," she answered faintly, "and I am sure you must be tired too, you have been so long up-stairs with grandpapa. It has struck ten."

"That sounds like my dismissal," said Lucius, scrutinizing the pale face, in which there was a troubled expression that he had never seen there until of late.

"So I will say good-night, though I had something to tell you, had you been inclined to listen."

"Tell me all to-morrow, Lucius."

"It shall be to-morrow then, dearest. Good-night."

And thus with one tender kiss he left her.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT LUCIUS SAW BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

The sky was starless above the Shadrack-road, and the air hardly less oppressive than it had been in the sultry noontide. That low sky seemed to shut in the Shadrack district like an iron roof, and the Shadrackites lounging against their doorposts, or conversing at street corners, or congregating in small clusters outside public-houses, bemoaned themselves that the storm had not yet come.

Lucius left Cedar House heavy-hearted, in spite of the knowledge that he, who yesterday knew not of a creature in this universe likely to leave him a five-pound note, was to-night heir to a handsome fortune. The thought of Mr. Sivewright's generosity in no manner related him. Had his mind been free to contemplate this fact he would, no doubt, have rejoiced in the new sense of security which such a prospect must have inspired; he would have rejoiced not alone for himself, but for the sake of the woman who was to be his wife. Through the thick tangle of his troubled thoughts no gleam of light could penetrate. He saw himself the centre of perplexities. It seemed almost as if the avenging shade of the man he had slain were hunting him down—tempting him to entangle himself by some foolish confession, urging him to some folly that must effect his own destruction. He thought of Orestes pursued by the Eumenides—tortured by the burden of a crime which, at the hour of its commission, he had deemed an act of justice.

Instead of turning homewards as usual, he paused for a minute or so outside the iron gate, and then took the opposite direction, setting his face towards the distant country. It was only a fancy, perhaps, but it seemed to him that the atmosphere was a shade less oppressive when he turned his back upon Shadrack Basin and the steam factories which encompassed it. No rain came to cool the fever-parched city, nor had the first note of the impending storm sounded in distant thunder. Yet that coming storm was no less a certainty.

There was a strange bewilderment in the surgeon's mind. That promise of wealth, ease, security, a more speedily-won renown, all the benefits which go hand-in-hand with the possession of ample means, had excited his brain, although it had not elated his spirits. He saw all the scheme of his future altered. No longer need he toil in this wretched district. He might at once establish himself amongst the most famous of his fellow workers; make known his new theories, his discoveries in the vast world of medical science; do good on a scale infinitely larger than that afforded by his present surroundings. It was not that he wanted to turn his back upon the suffering poor. His brightest hopes, his fondest dreams, were of the good he was to do for these. He only wanted not to hide his light under a bushel. Strong in the belief that he could serve the whole race of man, he languished to shake off those fetters, forged by necessity, which kept him chained to this obscure corner of the earth.

With the thought of his improved prospects, and all the hopes that went along with that thought, there mingled that ever-brooding care about the past. He had perceived a curious change in Lucille's manner to-night. Could she have discovered anything? How anxious she had been to get rid of him! She had not seemed exactly cold or unkind, but her manner had been hurried, excited; as if there were some all-absorbing thought in her mind, in which he had no part.

"If, by some fatal chance, she had discovered the true story of her father's fate," he told himself, "she would hardly have concealed her knowledge; she would have surely told me the truth at once, and dismissed me for ever. I cannot imagine her acting in any double or underhanded manner. Yet to-night it seemed as if she had something to hide from me."

This fancy troubled him; and in spite of his endeavors to dismiss the suspicion as groundless, the thought recurred to him every now and then. He walked far along the Shadrack-road, farther than he had penetrated for many a day; walked on, meditative, and hardly conscious, where he went, until he came to a region of deserted building-ground, upon which a few skeleton houses lifted their roofless walls to the blank sky, as if demanding of the gods wherefore the speculative builder—long since stranded on the reefy shore of the bankruptcy court—came not to finish them.

This arid plain, which had once been pleasant meadow-land, and where the shorn remnant of a once-beauteous hawthorn hedge still languished here and there under a cloud of lime dust, was the nearest approach to a rustic landscape within reach of the Shadrackites. Its beauty did not tempt the pedestrian.

Lucius halted at sight of the skeleton houses, and having in some measure walked down his excitement, turned back. He did not, however, take exactly the same way by which he had come. The prospect of the Shadrack-road, in all its dreary length may have appalled him; or it may have been mere vagrant fancy which led him to return by a long narrow street, staggling and poverty-stricken, yet boasting here and there some good old red-brick mansion, which had once been the country seat of a prosperous city merchant, but which now, shorn of its garden, and defaced by neglect and decay, was let off in divers tenements to the struggling poor.

This street, with all its byways, was familiar to Lucius, who had plenty of patients in these squalid houses, down those narrow side streets,

courts and alleys. He knew every turn of the place, and wandered on to-night, not troubling himself which way he went, so long as he kept in a general manner the homeward direction. It had struck twelve, when he emerged from a narrow lane on to the wharf, which formed one side of the narrow creek upon which Mr. Sivewright's garden abutted.

There were the dingy barges moored side by side upon the stagnant water; and there above them, dark against the sky, loomed the outline of the house that sheltered all Lucius Davoren most fondly loved. He had wandered to this spot almost unawares.

I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Had led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

murmured the lover, as he looked up at those blank windows.

There was a faint light in one, the little dressing-room next Mr. Sivewright's bed-chamber, the room now occupied by Lucille. Yes, and there was one more light—the yellow flame of a candle in one of the upper windows, a window in that topmost story, which Lucille had declared to be utterly uninhabited.

The sight struck Lucius with a vague suspicion—a feeling almost of alarm.

How should there be a light up yonder in one of those unoccupied rooms? Could it be old Wincher, prowling about after midnight, to inspect the treasures of which he was guardian. It was just possible there might be some part of the bric-a-brac merchant's collection in one of these upper rooms. Yet Lucille had declared that they were quite empty—and his own inspection through the keyholes had revealed nothing worth speaking of within. And again, how foreign to Mr. Wincher's orderly habits to be roaming about with a candle at such an hour.

The gleam of that solitary candle amidst all those dark upper windows mystified Lucius beyond measure. "If it is old Wincher who has carried the light up yonder, it will move presently," thought Lucius; "he would not stay there long at such a late hour. I'll wait and see the end of the business."

The first note of the storm sounded as he made this resolve, a rumble of distant thunder, and then came the heavy patter of big rain-drops, bringing a breath of coolness in the thunder-charged air. There was an open shed close at hand, and Lucius withdrew to its shelter without losing sight of the dark old house opposite, with its two lighted windows.

The water and the barges lay between him and Cedar House, the wharf—used at this time as a repository for spelter—being built upon a narrow creek, or inlet from the river.

He stood and watched for nearly half-an-hour, while the rain came down heavily and the lightning flashed across his face every now and then; but still the light burnt steadily. What could Wincher or anybody else be doing in yonder room at such an hour? Or could it be Homer Sivewright himself, roaming the house like an unquiet spirit?

"No," Lucius thought, "he has not strength enough to mount those steep stairs without help. It cannot be Sivewright." Did the circumstance—trivial enough in itself, perhaps, but painfully perplexing to that anxious watcher—mean any harm? That was the question. Did it denote any peril to Lucille? Ought he to go round to the front of the house, and try to arouse the sleeping household, in order to warn them of the presence of an intruder upon the premises? That seemed a desperate thing to do, when the circumstance, after all, might be of no moment. It was most likely old Wincher. He might have eccentricities that Lucius had never heard of, and to sit up late into the night was perhaps one of his failings.

Yet that mysterious light, taken in conjunction with the old man's fancy about strange footsteps in the dead of the night, was not a fact to be dismissed carelessly.

"If there were any way of getting into the house without ringing people up and frightening my patient, I would get in somehow, and find the solution of this enigma," thought Lucius; "but I daresay the doors and windows at the back are firmly fastened."

A distant clock chimed the quarter before one, while Lucius was standing irresolute under the spelter shed. While the third slow chime was still vibrating in the silent night, the blue glare of a lightning-flash showed that eager watcher a figure upon one of the barges.

Until this moment he had believed them utterly empty, save of their cargo; nor did this figure belong to either of those darksome vessels. It was the figure of a man, tall and lithe, who moved quickly along, bending his body as he crept from one barge to the other, as if recollecting from the pelting rain—a stealthy figure, upon which Lucius at once concentrated his attention.

He had not long to remain in doubt. The man lifted his head presently, and looked up towards the lighted window; then, with the agility of some wild animal, sprang from the barge to the garden wall. There Lucius lost him in the darkness.

Presently there came a long whistle—long but not loud; then a light appeared in the lower part of the house—a light from an open door, evidently. Lucius saw the light appear and vanish, and heard the closing of a heavy door.

Some one had admitted that man to the house; but who was that some one? There was

foul play of some kind, but what the nature of the mystery was a question he could not answer.

What should he do? Go round to the front gate, ring, and alarm the household? By that means only could he solve the mystery, and prove to Lucille that these Winchers, whose fidelity she believed in, were deceiving her. Yet to do that might be to imperil his patient, in whose weak state any violent shock might be well-nigh fatal.

Reflection convinced him that whatever mischief was at work in that house was of a subtle character. It could only mean plunder; for after all, to suppose that it involved any evil design against Homer Sivewright's life seemed too improbable a notion to be entertained for a moment. The plot, whatever its nature, must mean plunder, and these Winchers, the trusted servants, in whom long service seemed a pledge of honesty, must be the moving spirits of the treason. What more likely than that old Wincher, who knew the value of his master's treasures, was gradually plundering the collection of its richest gems, and that this stealthy intruder, who entered the house thus secretly under cover of night, was his accomplice, employed to carry away and dispose of the booty.

Arguing thus, Lucius decided that it would be a foolish thing to disturb the evil-doers in the midst of their work. His wiser course would be to lie in wait, watch the house till daybreak, and surprise the accomplice in the act of carrying off the plunder. As the man had gone in, so he must surely come out before morning. If, owing to the darkness of the night, he should escape the watchers' keen gaze on this occasion, Lucius determined that he would set one of the minions of Mr. Otranto, the private detective, to watch to-morrow night.

Lucius waited patiently, though those hours in the dead of the night went by with leaden pace, and every limb of the watcher became a burden to him from very weariness. He seated himself upon an empty cask in an angle of the shed, leaned his back against the wall, and waited; never relaxing his watch upon those quiet barges and the low garden-wall beyond them, never ceasing to listen intently for the least sound from that direction. The storm abated, heaven's floodgates were closed again; the lightning faded to fainter flashes and then ceased altogether; a distant rumble of thunder, like the sound of a door shutting after the exit of a disagreeable visitor, marked the end of the tempest. Peace descended once more upon earth, and coolness; a pleasant air crept along the narrow creek; even the odor of the damp earth was sweet after the heat and dryness of yesterday.

Morning came, and the aching of Lucius Davoren's bones increased, but there was no sign from the barges or the garden-wall. The watcher was thoroughly wearied. His eyes had been striving to pierce the darkness, his ears had been strained to listen for the lightest sound, during four long hours. At five o'clock he departed, not wishing to be surprised by early laborers coming his way, or by the traffic of the wharf, which might begin he knew not how soon. He went away, vexed and disquieted, thinking that it was just possible the man might have escaped him after all in the darkness.

"I shouldn't have seen him in the first instance without the aid of that lightning flash," he said to himself; "I may very easily have missed him afterwards. I'll go home and get two or three hours' sleep if I can, and then go straight to Cedar House and try to solve this mystery."

CHAPTER V.

LUCIUS AT FAULT.

At nine o'clock Lucius stood before the tall iron gate waiting for admittance to Mr. Sivewright's dwelling. In spite of his weariness, he had slept but little in the interval. The fever of his brain was not to be beguiled into slumber. He could only go over the same ground again and again, trying to convince himself that the mystery of that secret entrance to Cedar House was a very simple matter and would be made clear after a little trouble.

He scrutinized Mrs. Wincher keenly, as she unlocked the gate and conducted him across the forecourt; but nothing in the aspect of Mrs. Wincher's good lady indicated agitation or emotion of any kind whatsoever. If this woman were involved in some nightly act of wrongdoing against her master, she was evidently hardened in iniquity. Her face, not altogether free from the traces of a blacklead brush, with which she may perchance have brushed aside an importunate fly, was placidly itself.

"You're more than usual early this morning, Dr. Davory," she said with her friendly air; "you did ought to give yourself a little more rest."

"I couldn't rest this morning, Mrs. Wincher," answered Lucius thoughtfully; "I was too anxious."

"Not about the old gentleman, I hope?"

"Well, partly on his account, and partly upon other grounds. I have an idea that this house is not quite so safe as it might be."

"Lord bless you, sir, not safe, when I bolt every blessed door, and put up every blessed bar, just as if it was chock full of state prisoners. And what is there for any one to steal except the bricklebrack, and nobody in these parts would know the value of that. I'm sure I've lived among it twenty year myself, and can't see no use in it, nor no beauty in it neither, at this day. Depend upon it, nobody would ever come arter bricklebrack."

"I don't know, Mrs. Wincher," answered Lu-

cius; "people will come after anything, as long as it's worth money."

"Let 'em come, then," exclaimed the matron contemptuously; "I give 'em leave to get into this house after dark if they can."

"How if some one were to be obliging, though, and let them in?"

"Who is there to do that, unless it was me or my good gentleman?" cried Mrs. Wincher, blushing indignantly through the blacklead, "and I suppose you're not going to suspect us, Dr. Davory, after twenty year's faithful service? Let any one in, indeed, to make away with the bricklebrack! Why, my good gentleman would fret himself to fiddle-strings if he was to crack a teacup."

Indignation lent shrillness to the voice of Mrs. Wincher, and this conversation, which took place in the hall, made itself audible in the parlor. The door was opened quickly, and Lucille appeared on the threshold, very pale, and with that troubled look in her face which Lucius had seen at parting with her the night before.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously; "what are you talking so loud about, Wincher?"

She took Lucius's offered hand absently, hardly looking at him, and evidently disturbed by some apprehension of evil.

"Nothink pertiklar, Miss Lucille," replied Mrs. Wincher, tossing her head; "only I'm not a stone, and when people throw out their insinuations at me I feel it. As if me or my good gentleman was capable of making away with the bricklebrack."

"What do you mean, Wincher?"

"Ask him," said Mrs. Wincher, pointing to Lucius; "I suppose he knows what he means himself, but I'm sure I don't," with which remark the matron withdrew to the back premises to resume her blacklead brush.

"What have you been saying to offend Mrs. Wincher, Lucius?" asked Lucille.

"Not much, dearest, but if you'll listen to me for a few minutes I'll endeavor to explain."

He followed her into the parlor and shut the door.

"Why, Lucille," he said, drawing her towards the window, and looking at the pale thoughtful face, "how ill you look!"

"I am anxious about my grandfather," she said hurriedly. "Never mind my looks, Lucius; only contrive to cure him, and I daresay I shall soon be quite well again."

"But you have no right to be anxious, Lucille," he answered; "can you not trust me? Do you not believe that I shall do all that care and skill can do, and that, if at any moment I see reason to doubt my own power to deal with this case, I shall call in some famous doctor to aid me?"

"I believe you will do all that is wise and right; but still I cannot help feeling anxious. Do not take any notice of me. I pray Heaven that all may come right in time."

She said this with a weary air, as if almost worn out with care. How cruel it seemed to trouble her at such a time, and yet Lucius could not refrain from some endeavor to solve the mystery of that scene last night.

"Lucille," he began seriously, "you must promise not to be angry with me, nor to be alarmed by anything I may say."

"I can't promise that," she said, with a shade of impatience; "not quite the old sweetness that had charmed and won him; 'you are full of strange fancies and terrors.' What was that you were saying to Mrs. Wincher just now?"

"I was only hinting at a suspicion that has become almost a certainty. There is something wrong going on in this house, Lucille."

She started, and the pale face grew a shade paler.

"What do you mean? What can be wrong?"

"There is foul play of some kind, a design against the property contained in this house. No doubt the report of its value has spread by this time; the house is known to be almost unoccupied; what more likely than that some one should attempt to plunder your grandfather's possessions?—What more easy, above all, if any one inside the house turned traitor and opened the door, in the dead of the night, to the intruder?"

"The name broke from her lips almost in a scream, and it seemed as if Lucille would have dropped to the ground but for her lover's supporting arm."

"Lucille, is it worthy of you to be so terror-stricken? If there is danger to be met, can we not meet it together? Only trust me, darling, and all your fears will vanish. Believe me, I am strong enough to face any peril, if I have but your confidence. Accident has put me in possession of a secret connected with this house. Heaven knows what might have happened but for that providential discovery. But knowledge is power, and once aware of the danger I shall find out how to cope with it."

"A discovery!" she repeated with the same terror-stricken look. "What discovery?"

"First that the people you trust, these Winchers, whose fidelity has stood the test of twenty years' service, are improving their first opportunity to cheat. They are taking advantage of your grandfather's helplessness. A man was admitted into this house secretly at one o'clock this morning."

"What folly!" cried Lucille with a faint laugh.

"What could have put such a delusion into your head? A man admitted to this house at one o'clock this morning! Even if such a thing could have happened, which of course is impossible, who could have informed you of the fact?"

"My own eyes, which saw him clamber from the barges to the garden wall, saw the gleam of a candle as a door was opened to admit him, saw a light burning in one of the upper windows—evidently a signal."

"You saw?" cried Lucille with widely-opened eyes. "How could you see? What could have taken you to the back of this house in the middle of the night?"

"Accident," answered Lucius "or say rather a providential combination of events. I was out of spirits when I left you last night—your own manner, so unlike its usual kindness, disturbed me, and I had other agitating thoughts. I walked a long way down the Shadrack-road, and then returned by a back way, which brought me to the speller-wharf opposite the garden. There the light in the upper story attracted my attention. I had heard from you that those upper rooms were never occupied. I waited, watched, and saw what I have just described."

"I would sooner believe it a delusion of your senses than the Winchers could be capable of treachery," said Lucille.

"Do not talk any more about my senses deceiving me," replied Lucius decisively. "You told me I was the fool of my own senses when I saw some one open the door of one of the upper rooms, and then hurriedly shut it. Now I am certain that I was not deceived—there was some one hidden in that room. Remember, Lucille, I say again there is no cause for fear. Only there is foul play of some kind, and it is our business to rathom it. We are not children, to leave ourselves at the mercy of any scoundrel who chooses to plunder or assault us. I shall bring a policeman to watch in this house to-night, and set another to watch the outside."

The slender figure which his arm had until now sustained slipped suddenly from his hold, and Lucille fell to the ground in a dead faint.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLUNDER OF THE MONUMENT CHEST.

The sight of the girl he fondly loved lying senseless at his feet, with a white face and closed eyelids, filled Lucius Davoren with unspeakable agony and remorse. How little had he calculated the effect of his words upon this too-sensitive nature! To him the danger involved in the plot which he suspected was but a small thing—a difficulty to be met and grappled with. That was all. But to this inexperienced girl the thought of a midnight intruder, or a stranger's secret entrance into the house, with the connivance of its treacherous inmates, was doubtless appalling.

Could he despise his betrothed for her want of courage? No! His first thought was professional. This sudden fainting fit was no doubt the evidence of weakened health. Days of patient attendance upon the invalid, nights, perhaps, rendered sleepless by anxiety, had done their work. Lucille's strength had given way—that change in her appearance, and manner which had so much disturbed him was but one of the indications of broken health. And he, who loved her better than life itself, felt himself guilty of cruel neglect in not having ere this discovered the truth. That gentle self-sacrificing spirit was stronger than the fragile frame which was its earthly temple.

He lifted her from the ground, placed her in Mr. Sivewright's easy-chair by the open window, and then rang the bell loudly.

Mrs. Wincher came, but entered the room with head hung back, and a lofty air, which might have become Queen Eleanor in the presence of Fair Rosamond. At sight of her unconscious mistress, however, Mrs. Wincher gave a piteous scream, and flew to her side.

"Whatever have you been and gone and said to this poor dear," she exclaimed indignantly, flinging a scornful glance at Lucius, "to make her faint dead off like that. I suppose you've been accusing her of robbing her grandfather. I'm sure it wouldn't surprise me if you had."

"Don't be angry, Mrs. Wincher," said Lucius, "but bring me some cold water directly, and a little brandy."

Mrs. Wincher, alarmed for the safety of her mistress, flew to fetch these restoratives, but obeyed Mr. Davoren as it were, under protest, in his professional capacity.

A little care restored Lucille to consciousness, but even after she had recovered from her swoon, she seemed strangely shrunken, and looked at her lover with an expression full of vague fear.

He began to reproach her, with infinite tenderness, for her neglect of her own health.

"You have been doing too much, darling," he said, kissing the pale forehead that rested on his shoulder, "and I have been guilty of shameful neglect in allowing you to endanger your health. And now, dear, you must obey orders. You must go straight up to your room and let Wincher help you to bed, and lie there quietly all day long, and be fed with beef-tea and good old port until the color comes back to those poor pale cheeks."

Lucille persistently refused compliance with these injunctions.

"Indeed, indeed, Lucius, there is nothing the matter with me," she said earnestly.

"Nothing the matter when you fainted just now—a sure sign of extreme weakness—especially in one not accustomed to fainting."

"O, that was nothing. You frightened me so with your horrid suggestions of danger."

"Do not be afraid any longer, dearest; there is no danger that can assail you, except the danger of your ruining your health by refusing to be guided by my advice. You want rest, and ought to endeavor to get several hours' good sleep immediately."

"It wouldn't be the least use for me to try to go to sleep before night," she said, "my mind is much too active for that. I'll obey you in anything else you like, Lucius, but don't ask me to go and lie down in my room to-day. I should worry myself into a fever."

"Very well," replied Lucius, with a sigh; "I won't insist upon anything you object to. You can rest in this room. If I find your grandfather no better this morning I shall bring in a nurse."

"O, please don't."

"Nonsense, Lucille. I am not going to allow your life to be sacrificed to your mistaken notion of duty. Some one must nurse Mr. Sivewright, and that some one must not be you."

"Let it be Mrs. Wincher, then."

"No; I have not too high an opinion of these faithful Winchers. I shall bring in a woman upon whom I can rely."

Lucille looked at him with that strange scared expression he had seen so often of late, and then said with some bitterness:

"It seems to me that you are master in this house, Lucius, so I suppose you must do as you please."

"I only constitute myself master here when I see peril," he replied calmly; "and now, Lucille, try and obey me in some small measure, at least. Let Mrs. Wincher bring a sofa of some kind to this room, and lie down and try to sleep. I will send you a tonic as soon as I get home. Good-bye."

He bent down to kiss her, as she sat in the arm-chair where he had placed her, too weak to rise.

"Shall you come here again this evening?" she asked.

"Yes; your grandfather wants to talk to me about something, and I daresay I shall be an hour or so with him in the evening. After that I shall have something to tell you, Lucille, if you are well enough to hear it. Something pleasant."

"You are not going to frighten me any more, I hope," she said.

"No, darling, I will never again frighten you."

"I daresay you despise me for my cowardice."

"Despise you, Lucille. No, I only regard this nervous terror as a sign of weakened health. I am very sure it is not natural to you to be wanting in courage."

"No," she answered with a faint sigh, "it is not natural to me."

She turned her face away from him, and tears fell slowly from the sad eyes, as she faltered a faint good-bye in response to his tender leave-taking.

"O merciful God," she ejaculated, when the door had closed behind her lover, "Thou who knowest the weight of my burden, help me to bear it patiently."

Lucius found no improvement in his patient—retrogression rather. But this might be fairly accounted for by Mr. Sivewright's excitement of the night before.

"I did very wrong to let you talk so much," said Lucius, "you are more feverish than usual this morning."

"I am altogether worse," answered the old man fretfully.

Then came a detailed account of his aches and pains. There were symptoms that puzzled the surgeon, despite his wide experience, and much wider study.

"Let me bring a physician to see you this afternoon," said Lucius; "there is something in this case which I hardly feel myself strong enough to cope with."

"No," answered the patient doggedly; "I told you I would have no stranger come to stare at me. Cure me, if you can, and if you can't, leave it alone. I have little faith in medicine. I contrived to live sixty-five years without it, and the experience I have had of it in the sixty-sixth year has not been calculated to strengthen my belief in its efficacy."

"Did you finish that last bottle of medicine?"

"No, there is a dose left."

"Then I'll take the bottle home with me," said Lucius, selecting the bottle from among two or three empty phials on the mantelshelf, "and make another change in your medicine."

"It seems to me that you chop and change a good deal," said the patient testily. "But why take that bottle? You must know what you gave me."

"I am not quite clear about it," answered Lucius, after a moment's hesitation; "I made the medicine up from memory, without referring to my book of prescriptions. I may as well put the bottle in my pocket."

"Do as you like. But don't forget that I want an hour's talk with you this evening."

"You had better defer that till you are stronger."

"That time may never come. No, I will defer nothing. What I have to say to you is of no small importance. It concerns your own interests, and I recommend you to hear it to-night."

"I cannot consent to discuss any subject which may agitate you as you were agitated last night," said Lucius firmly.

"This other subject will not agitate me. I can promise that."

"On that condition I will hear whatever you may have to say."

"Good. You will find it to your own advantage to obey me. Be with me at the same hour as you were last night."

"I will. But as you are a trifle weaker to-day than you were yesterday, I should recommend you not to get up, except for an hour in the middle of the day, while your bed is being made."

"Very well."

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE IN ST. PAUL'S.

We colonials, on the whole, I think, have more appreciation of St. Paul's than of any other of your London sights. More than Westminster Abbey, even. For it wants a deal of history to understand the Abbey and its puzzling chapels, and after a certain amount of stock-driving, one jumbles up the kings and queens. Coming over from Australia, for a six months' visit to England, one of the first things I promised myself on landing was to see St. Paul's; and yet it's a singular fact, that up to the very end of my sojourn here, I had never been inside your (or may I say our?) great cathedral.

I felt it impossible to go back and face my relations and friends, if I couldn't say that I'd seen St. Paul's, and I made half-a-dozen plans, at various times, of paying it a visit. But first one thing intervened, and then another, till my last day in England had come, my pilgrimage unperformed. This day, however, I had kept clear of engagements, on purpose to see the place. But before I was out of bed in the morning I had a telegram of importance, which took me post-haste to the eastern counties; and it was past eight o'clock in the evening before I reached the Shoreditch station, on my return journey. Now, I was bound to start early next morning to reach Brindisi in time for the Indian mail, and it thus seemed as if it were my fate to miss the last chance of entering St. Paul's. Still, I was determined not to throw away a chance: it might be that the cathedral was still open; and I picked out a fast-looking horse from the row of hansoms, and bade the driver put me down in the shortest possible time at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard.

As I descended from the cab and stood on the edge of the pavement looking up at the giant bulk of the dome, the clock struck nine. The sun had set; but high overhead the golden ball and cross stood out against the sky, still burnished by the evening glow. All the lower part of the building was in deep shadow, rendered still darker by the thick coating of soot that encased it; but the upper portion, towering clear of houses and chimneys, and swept and sweetened by the winds and rains, caught a gleam of brightness from the clouds above, and raised itself white and fair into the evening sky.

The traffic of the day had slackened; there were few pedestrians, and only an occasional cab rattled by. The big warehouses had retired from business, the shops were shut, the city seemed to sleep. Paul's also was closely fastened up. It misgave me that all I should see of it would be the outside.

Bending back my neck, and gazing upwards at the huge dome, I saw that the great golden cross and ball was a tracery of cobwebs, and men like flies were crawling about those slender filaments. Stout scaffoldings and thick cables they were, no doubt; but, from the street, they looked like the delicate fabric of the gossamer.

I walked quickly round the church, hoping to find some doorway open, some access to the interior. The iron gates were all closed, the doors were fast. Paul's portals looked as inaccessible and forbidding as the rocky flank of a mountain. I was determined to find my way in, if possible; but I knew not how to set about it. Could I have come across anything like a deanery or sacerdotal residence, I should have made bold to knock thereat, and ask the occupiers for the key. But I could find nothing of the sort. Even at a bun-shop, which was still open, where I inquired as to the way of getting in, the people knew no more about St. Paul's than if it had been a thousand miles distant.

I began to feel despondent about the matter, but went round the church once more till I came to the end of the south transept—the shorter limb of the cross, and looked vacantly up at the fine semicircular portico, with its tall columns and flight of steps. All this time, I never thought of there being anybody living inside St. Paul's; I should as soon have expected to meet with furnished apartments in the Catacombs, or a family residence in the Pyramids. But peering curiously about, I espied, in the angle formed by the nave and transept on the western side, a window from which came the faint gleam of a candle. I stood, and looked between the railings, and saw that somebody was moving within. There was a bird-cage in the window; on the sill outside, some red flower-pots. Presently, somebody came to a desk near the window and began to write: an old man with white hair.

If I could only make him see me, perhaps he would take compassion on me, and let me in. But it wasn't likely that he should see me. Looking from the lighted room into the twilight outside, it was hardly possible that he should see anything. I thought of flinging a pebble at the window; but it was a good distance off; I might break the glass, and be taken into custody. I gave a few shrill whistles, holding my fingers in my mouth; I even ventured on a modified version of an Australian "cooee;" but it was all of no use. The old man didn't turn his head.

Once again I had almost given the thing up, and gone home; but just then the light disappeared from the window, and all was darkness. Was the old man off to bed, I wondered, or had he gone to grope among the crypts below? Should I see his light presently twinkling in those high windows? Did he couch in some stony gallery, or find a resting-place in the golden ball? Whilst I was thus speculating, I heard a door softly closed, a footstep on the stone staircase; the iron gate at the bottom creaked on its hinges. I sprang forward, and

met a gray-headed old man with a thin pallid face, who was just opening the iron grille.

With all the eloquence of which I am master, I besought him to do me the good office of letting me into the sacred fane. He hesitated, shook his head; at last he relented. "Very well," he said, "it's against rules; but, as you say, it's a long way to the Antipodes. I'll let you in, if you don't mind stopping inside alone for an hour; it will be that time before I return; and I must lock the door behind me. Do you still wish to go inside?"

I thanked him warmly, and said, "Certainly, yes." Indeed, I was delighted at the idea of an hour in perfect silence and seclusion among the mighty columns and arches of St. Paul's. I got under the great dome, which hangs like a luminous cloud above, full of hazy, uncertain shadows, a faint circle of light rimming it round, arches and huge piers encompassing it. From the west, a subdued crimson glow; eastwards, the choir, dark and sombre; the windows of the apse showing as gray luminous patches, the altar glowing in the distance like some funeral catafalque. White figures gleaming here and there in shadowy recesses, marble warriors, heroes, statesmen.

Under the dome, in the great open space, was a vast crowd of chairs—wooden rush-bottomed chairs, lashed together in rows, looking towards the east. Choosing one of the most central of these, I sat down, and began to dream, peeping this wide area with a vast invisible congregation.

In soft, long-drawn cadence, the bell of Paul's struck out the hour of ten. I had been in the place nearly an hour. I felt chilled and numb. Enough of dreams. Let me walk briskly up and down, and think of the busy scenes awaiting me; the rapid flight over continents and seas; the wanderer's return; the warm glad welcome; wife and children holding out eager arms—right at the other side of this huge world.

I paced rapidly up and down an avenue between the chairs. I had seen enough; I was anxious to be released, to get away from the world of shadows into the living world outside. For a moment, I stood in what seemed to be the very centre of the dome, and looked upward. A faint circle of light marked the apex of the soaring vault, and just above my head I saw—my eyes being now accustomed to this half-light—I saw, I say, a rope hanging down from the vast height above.

Then I remembered the spider-webs I had seen outside about the ball and cross. And as I stood, and looked, and listened, I heard faint sounds of hammering and knocking. Men were at work, hundreds of feet above; a light shone here and there, twinkling like a star.

In years gone by, I used to be a famous gymnast, and the sight of the rope hanging just above my head, put me in mind of my ancient prowess. I was heavier now, my muscles less elastic; still, there was some salt of youth in me. How many times, I wondered, could I, hanging to that rope, draw my chin up to my knuckles?

The rope was just out of reach, but I leapt up and caught it—once, twice, thrice. I felt a kind of emulation with my old self; I wanted to persuade myself that I had not lost much of my former prowess; and so I went on drawing myself up and letting myself down, not touching the ground, till I grew tired, and stretched myself out, expecting just to reach the pavement with my toes. But I couldn't reach it. Casting a glance below, I saw, with horror, that the flooring had vanished from under me. I was swinging suspended by my hands high up in the dome.

Perhaps, if I had dropped at that moment, I might have escaped with only a serious shaking; but I hesitated, and was lost. Slowly and steadily, the rope was being wound up. I shut my eyes. Surely this was a hideous delusion, that another moment would dispel it. But no; as I looked down, the floor below was almost lost to my sight. There I swung, a tiny human speck, half-way between heaven and earth. I couldn't hope to hang on much longer. My muscles were weary with the task I had given them. I made a desperate effort to raise myself hand over hand, so that I might grasp the rope with my feet also; but it was impossible: I could not do it. Even the desperate energy of self-preservation could extract no more force from my muscles; I could only hold on.

I was now on a level with the pinnth that surmounts the great arches of the dome; the gilded ground-work of a new fresco in the spandrel cast a sort of glow upon me, the colossal figures seemed to mock my agony. I must be half-way up now, and for the moment a ray of hope shone in upon me that I could hold on to the end. But, to my despair, I now saw that the seeming dome was a false one; above which rose the veritable conical roof, another hundred feet or more; and that through a vast round orifice in the sham dome, the rope was to ascend to the uppermost peak of the roof. In that moment of torture I recognized my fate as inevitable. I might prolong my agony for a few seconds; my muscles were involuntarily relaxing; my grasp would fall; in another minute at furthest I must fall, to be dashed to pieces on the adamantine floor below.

A thousand confused thoughts whirled through my brain, like the smoke and sparks of an approaching conflagration, but especially clear in my mind's eye, I saw—I did not think, but saw this vision—the picture of my far-off home, the rolling plains of grass, the herds and flocks, a galloping horseman—there was my home. My wife stood in the portico, shading her eyes with her hand; the children were clustering around

her; there was news of daddy coming—perhaps daddy himself. It was bitter to die thus.

My limbs relaxed; my senses almost deserted me; a merciful oblivion, the intoxication of despair, stole over me; voices, I thought, were calling—perhaps a delusion of my failing sense—I was slipping, slipping, and I fell—

"How do you feel now, sir?" I heard a voice say close to my ear. Was it possible—was I still alive? Yes; my brain was yet conscious. But the frame? Shattered, no doubt, a mere human wreck, to which life would be a mockery. I only dared to use my eyes. Any other muscular exertion might bring on torments to which I was then insensible; and yet I had no feeling of pain; perhaps some merciful paralysis had cut me off from torture.

An old man was bending over me, the same who had admitted me; he had a wine-glass in his hands with some liquor in it; a candle burned by his side, forming a little chamber of light about us.

"Am I knocked all to pieces?" I whispered. "I don't think so, sir; I don't think you're hurt a bit. Bless you! you didn't fall more than three feet."

I stretched out my arms—they were whole; my legs—they were sound and unharmed. What a happiness to be alive, after seeing death inevitable!

"How is this?" I cried, sitting up and looking about me. "I thought I was carried up into the dome."

"And so you were. You'd have been a dead man by this, but just in the nick of time I came back. I don't suppose I should have noticed you, for the light was pretty nearly done; but I caught sight of you against the gilding, and then you gave a sort of moan; and says I, 'There's death here, if I can't think of something all of a minute. And then I recollected that I heard the workmen chaps whistle three times, like this, when they wanted the rope lowered; and I piped away, and the rope stopped, and began to come down. I shouted to you to hold on and keep your heart up; but I don't think you heard me, for when your face came in sight it was white like death, and your eyes closed—but you still holding on—till, as I say, you came within three feet of the floor, and then you gave a quiver, and fell; and I caught you in my arms, for you were in a dead-faint. But what were you about, to let them draw you up like that?"

Then I told him of my gymnastic feats. "Oh, then, I suspect you shook the rope. That's the signal to pull up, and up they pulled, and never knew what sort of a load they were hauling up. The men are working double shifts now, and in a hurry to get finished."

When I left St. Paul's, I felt weak and nerveless, as if I had just passed through a long illness. I couldn't start next morning, I was so upset; and I have written this account of what happened to me, as a sort of outlet for my feelings; for I don't think I shall talk much about St. Paul's when I get home.

The Italian Doctor's Tale.

Fifty-five years ago the *Divine Sontag* stood upon the boards of La Scala. It was a night of wondrous triumph for the Milanese; for long had the battle raged and desperate between the triple operative powers of Rome, Naples, and Milan, ere the palm of victory had been awarded to the latter.

My professional duties had detained me late (I was a young, struggling M. D., in Milan at the time); and I entered the theatre, but as the air shook with the wondrous applause elicited by Sontag's rendering of *Alf. Non Credea* in the "Sonnambula," I was especially disappointed to have missed that aria—to me, the gem of the entire opera. But who could deem himself ill-used, if in time for the *Guglielmo*; so, mentally thankful it was not worse, I made my way to my seat—once, so fortunately, very near the stage; and had taken it, and was bowing to some English friends seated in the boxes adjacent, ere the wild tumult of applause had ceased to deafen my ears, or the floral tributes to be enthusiastically showered at the lady's feet.

One wreath, remarkable for its singular beauty, I remember composed of some deftly-woven, strange, red exotics, caught my gaze as I turned towards the stage, in the act of its descent. An instant more, it caught my hand as well; for, unintentionally, in the act of turning, hat in hand, the latter struck it, thereby swerving it from its original destination, directly into my own grasp. A moment more, I stood the centre of attraction in my immediate sphere, bending forward with what grace I might offering it to Sontag. The kindly, gracious smile with which she received it will probably dwell in my memory as long as aught earthly. Verily, its remembrance thrills me with a strange sense of pleasure, even upon a fifty-years' recall.

The graceful figure, in its slender beauty, yet bent before me, the crimson wreath lightly resting against her breast, when a second one, accurately dropped from above, literally crowned *Amena* as she stood. It was a deft trick; and one which immediately called forth the delighted appreciation of the audience.

The building absolutely rocked with the vibration caused by the second burst of sudden ecstatic acclamation. One odd feature of the incident immediately struck me—namely, that the second wreath upon the prima donna's head was an exact duplicate of the blood-red crown upon her bosom, and which I had presented not an instant before. I had scarcely had time to note this coincidence,

and the lady, casting her hurried eyes appreciatively in my direction, was in the act of bowing a second graceful obeisance to the compliment-wreath, raising it as she did so to her lips, when her beautiful face paled suddenly, the limbs contracted sharply, and she fell writhing in convulsions, almost into the very foot-lights, at my feet!

In an hour the mystery was out, and all Milan knew that both wreaths were poisoned! To this day the music-mad Milanese remember the dreary horror of that night. A week later, *En-ropé* learned it; and at this day it is the property of the world. The facts were these:—A jealous rival, distanced alike in love as fame by the peerless favorite, interpolated the role of the Borgia into the opera. Providentially, with but partial success.

A week later, Sontag, perfectly recovered, sang at the San Carlo; and a month had barely elapsed ere the echoes of La Scala again woke to her divine forgiveness.

A sudden case of suicide again called me from my bed, immediately upon my retirement, the night of the "Floral Murder," as we of Milan dubbed the abortive catastrophe. My patient was a young and beautiful woman—a singer—one of Milan's favorites prior to the arrival of the present idol. Its cause, a dual one—envy and malice, rooted in maddening jealousy.

By a marvellous interposition, death was not the immediate result; my patient lingered on for hours—nay, days—three, and even four, in number—actually passed in life for a woman literally stabbed through the heart!

I had, of course, forbidden the slightest possible excitement. Life, of course, was utterly hopeless; but life should be saved as long, I determined, as human skill could fan the vital spark. All Milan, professional, was in attendance; but I having received the earliest call, was considered the ruling medical authority. It was on the afternoon of the fourth day, and I was hurrying from other calls back into this wondrous patient's room, that I was arrested by such strains of entrancing melody, that with my hand upon the door-knob, in the act of hurrying out, I paused to listen.

"Oh! it is the glorious Sontag!" was my first thought.

A friend passing at the moment (for I lodged in the same hotel, with both prima donnas, drawn from his sofa like myself into the corridor by the concord of these wondrous sweet sounds, nodded back appreciative recognition.

"Of course it is Sontag?" I said. "No! that is the strangest part of it. Signora Sontag is listening with the rest, utterly entranced, within the corridor."

"What!" I amazedly answered, and with the word sprang into the passage. Once out there, one glance told me all—the crowd were gathered around the door of my dying patient's room, and it was from the door that this world of melody was pouring. In an instant I was beside her, about to forcibly prevent certain death, if possible; but I saw that I was already too late. A strange smile lit up her wasted face, and the large eyes kindled into an unearthly transient glare of life as they met mine; then pointing to a tiny envelope upon the table beside her, with one loud, triumphant burst of inexpressible sad melody, she raised herself, suddenly to her full height in bed, stretched forth her arms wildly, and with a choking, gurgling rattle of the throat, fell forward upon her face, literally deluged in her own life-blood.

The note, directed simply to me, contained these words in a slender, Italian hand:—

"Doctor, you say I cannot live—and I know it. My prayer is for one more song in life—and that she may hear it. I pay the price knowingly—and only too willingly—Life for a single song!"

She had verily paid it. An examination of the poor girl's effects showed her to have died in extreme poverty. She might have been wealthy in former times; but her recklessness and sad extravagance had long since passed into a proverb among those who knew her best.

That evening, while watching in the dim twilight of the room wherein she laid, a tall figure of a woman, shrouded to the temples, glided noiselessly beside me. Without a word, I felt a pulse pressed into my hand, and in an instant after the mystery vanished as noiselessly as a shadow into the echoes of the darkened corridor. A slip of paper was twisted in tremulous handwriting about it, on which was written simply:—

"In masses, Signor, for her soul." It needed not the further glance given by me in my eagerness into the hurried eyes of the donor as she tendered it. The delicate nobility of the action spoke with its own power akin to the many other noble deeds which graced the life of Henrietta Sontag.

OBSTINATE OLIVE.

HOW SHE TRIUMPHED OVER A SWINDLING LANDLORD.

They have an abominable custom here of requiring two weeks' notice, whenever a person desires to leave their room. It is done, I think, to fleece foreigners, for this law is never told until you get ready to leave.

My rooms are situated in a very unhealthy part of the city, which I did not know at first. I paid a month in advance when I came, and I have been half ill all the time. The doctor said the land was too low; that this is a swamp island, partly reclaimed, and I must go upon the

hill to live. So I looked for rooms, and determined to move. I never thought of it until within three days of the end of the month, and then told the landlord. He rented the rooms that afternoon to another party, to be occupied as soon as I should leave. When I got ready to go I found I had not given "warning," and I must pay for two weeks' rent if I left, or have my baggage detained till I did pay. I left my baggage and went to a gentleman, and asked about the law, and found I had no redress. I must pay for the rooms for two weeks, but if I chose, I might stay in them till the end. I did. I paid, and told the landlord I would stay. He did not like that, and his other tenants had paid; and if he failed to keep his promise with them he would lose a tenant for three months. Then he told me I might go. I said I was in no hurry. I had paid for the rooms, and I should occupy them. The people sent their things. He danced. Then he came and offered me my money back if I would leave. I declined. He offered me ten guilders more to go, and I wouldn't. His new tenants came, and I didn't like the looks of them, and concluded they had too much money to let him have the swing, so I concluded I would remain where I am. The family said: "This is all very extraordinary," and I said, "Not at all."

The women said: "We have paid for these rooms." I said, "So have I, and I propose to retain them."

She sat down on the sofa and fanned herself, and I rang the bell and told Anna to bring the lady some water and to open the middle door, and then I went to writing, telling her I was busy.

In the meantime the landlord was out in the hall arguing with the man and his daughter. She insisted upon staying, because of the piano.

The old gentleman came in and said: "Madam, the landlord has told me how the case stands, and I will give you ten guilders, and he will give you ten guilders and return your rent if you will vacate these rooms. They are the only ones I have seen that exactly suit me. What do you say? Come now."

"I say, I will not vacate them for all the money you and he both have got; that is all I have got to say," and then I commenced to write again. He left with his family. Herr Nunumacher is falling away, and I am regaining my lost health. Anna is my friend, and she said the people are still anxious, and have been here to get them when I go, but she never tells the old man, and I shall not move till I leave Wien. So you see the great American Eagle is again triumphant.—*Olive Harper's Vienna Letter to the Alta California.*

The Ladies' Page.

STYLES OF DRESSES.

A single row of trimming straight down the middle of the front breadth of the skirt is very stylish. For instance, a row of shell pleating, of cut steel buttons, or else three or four of the new bows made of long loops of doubled silk, with the ends finished with an ornament like the head of tassels, or the funnel-shaped affairs that suggest the upholsterer's ornaments on curtains.

Horizontal and diagonal tabliers are newer than those made of several perpendicular bands or puffs. The crosswise tabliers are reversed pleats, or else careless-looking folds, tacked on each width, or else groups of crescent-shaped folds with bands of jet trimming between each group. Diagonal tabliers are merely piped bands of the material of the trimming, or else shirred puffs.

Throat knots, side knots fastened on the left of the belt, or else a knot with long ends for the front of the waist, are ornaments found on French dresses. They are sometimes made of watered ribbon, especially on black dresses, but are most frequently of doubled silk, two or three inches wide when finished. As we have said before, the bow of the period is not regular and stiff, but is in two or three loose, long, irregular loops, united by a knotted strap; when worn on the belt, the ends hang almost to the bottom of the dress; when placed back of the side, this takes the place of the sash.

New sashes of black velvet are two long straight pendent streamers, trimmed with lace and jet, or else fringed, while half-way down them a pretty little pocket is simulated. Sashes of wide ribbon are now worn directly in the middle of the back, and consist in two long ends with the top laid over the flat loops, that avoid giving a bouffant appearance.

Tortoise-shell buttons, very large and exquisitely carved, are just introduced for trimming suits of camel's-hair, velvet polonaises, jackets, etc. They are very handsome, and also very expensive.

White silk tabliers, wrought all over with "white jet"—frosty-looking white beads—are to be used for ball dresses of white and pale-tinted silks.

Demi-trained skirts of dinner dresses, are without over-skirts, but are trimmed with three kinds of trimming. The back breadths are flounced from the belt to the edge, the side breadths are covered by a long square-cornered width of satin or velvet tacked flatly to the skirt, and the front breadths have a tablier of reversed pleats or else of diagonal bands.

Sleeveless basques of light blue or pink silk, with insertions of Valenciennes lace let in the silk, are worn over dinner dresses of black silk.

The long heavy over-skirts now worn are sewed to the belts of the lower skirts, making only two pieces in the costume—that is, the basque and skirt. In such cases the over-skirt must open behind, just as the lower skirt does. Ladies will find it a good plan to tack the new over-skirts (in several places in the seams) to the lower skirt, since the simple straight breadths now used are easily blown out of place, and the beauty of the costume impaired thereby. In some plain but extravagant dresses the long straight breadths are made of doubled silk. This, however, seems useless expense, as a deep facing is quite sufficient.

MATRIMONIAL MISTAKES.

No doubt, it is a melancholy admission to make, but in the interest of truth it must be made, that a great number of marriages prove more or less a mistake. No doubt this is largely owing to the system upon which marriages are made. A man or woman, entering upon the nuptial state, may, in the generality of instances, be truly said to be taking a leap in the dark—they may land safely upon firm and solid ground, or they may alight on a quagmire, and get so inextricably involved that nothing can release them from it but death. It would be hazardous to guess how many marriages are made upon false pretences; but this much is certain, their number is legion.

It may be stated further, that when men and women have matrimonial designs upon each other, they endeavor to hide their true characters, and however dissimilar their tastes, to pretend that they are alike. The rules of etiquette are such that a course of deception is rendered surprisingly easy; indeed, so facile, that were there no intention upon the part of those most concerned to dissemble, almost the same end would be attained. A man is often captivated by a woman's eye, her dress, or her manner; for all he knows, her disposition may be angelic, or it may be strongly Tartaric. A woman is frequently led to accept a man because he is a "good match," because he is polite and gratifies her vanity by paying her attentions, because she knows that her friends will approve, and because she feels that she ought to be married, and that, as she likes him perhaps a trifle better than she does anybody else, she might do worse than have him. He may be a selfish animal, a stingy miser, or a vicious rake—but upon these points she has no opportunities of judging. She must take her husband upon chance, and trust to Providence that the result will prove favorable. It is after marriage that the true traits of character begin to show themselves. A scowl, or a sharp word or a mean action, or a vicious act will not then involve serious consequences. Things that, before the Gordian knot, has been tied would probably bring about separation, after the honey-moon has been passed are quietly received, probably upon the principle that what can't be cured must be endured.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.—"What becomes of needles and pins?" is a question partially answered. Grandma is a dear, precise old lady, much given to the making of pretty pin-cushions for others, while those devoted to her own use grow old in service. On one of those stormy days in winter when access to "the store" is impossible, it was discovered that mamma's work-box was destitute of needles. In the emergency, grandma determined to open a pin-cushion which had done her good service for seven years, hoping that one or two needles might be concealed therein. The result astonished all interested; one hundred and fifty-three shining needles did that greedy cushion disgorge; and mamma instantly collected all the old cushions the house contained, hoping to increase her store. The result exceeded her expectations; from one cushion was extracted one hundred and seventy-five needles, and from the other one hundred and ten—making in all, from the three cushions, four hundred and thirty-eight needles. These needles were packed into the centres of the cushions and had all been stowed away in six or seven years. Doubtless many millions of needles are hid away in cushions after this manner throughout the country which might be restored to usefulness if the boys were set to work on rainy days to keep them out of mischief.

SECRET MARRIAGES.—Every now and then the public is startled by the exposure of some domestic or social villany based on a secret marriage. Some confiding young lady has been induced to marry her lover secretly, and to keep the marriage secret for months and perhaps for years. In a recent case, marriage has been kept a secret for nearly seven years. Of course a man who wishes to keep his marriage a secret is almost always actuated by selfish, and usually base, motives. He is acting a part—playing a game; and his confiding wife is pretty sure, in the end, to find herself the victim of his treachery and baseness. A woman should never consent to be married secretly. Her marriage should be solemnized in the light of publicity, and not in the shadow of concealment. She should distrust a man who has any reason for shrouding in darkness the act which—in his estimation at least—should be the crowning glory of his life. The man who always has some plot on hand—who naturally takes to trickery and concealment, and is never ready to have his actions brought out into the clear light of day, is apt to be so constitutionally base that he seldom, even by accident, deviates into the path of honor and virtue. No woman who

values her domestic happiness should ever listen to the suggestions of such a man in favor of a secret marriage.

CHILDREN'S FOOD.—The growing food is milk; this, with vegetables, fruit, bread, and sop of the various grains, should constitute the principal portion of a child's nutriment. Many parents, we think unwisely, allow their children abundance of meat. This makes the child restless and impatient of control; it has, in fact, the same effect on children that corn has on young animals. It makes them chafe to and fro within their narrow bounds, just as bears and tigers do in their iron cages. Graminivorous animals, the horse, the cow, the sheep, are mild and docile, while the carnivora are fierce, agile, and lean. Children who live on bread and milk and vegetables will, as a general rule, be more amiable, more obedient, and fuller in flesh than those who eat large quantities of meat. Regularity in feeding children is of great importance. A child may form a habit of eating six or eight times a day, or it may learn to satisfy its appetite at the three regular meals. If these, however, are more than five hours apart, there should be a slight lunch between, long enough before the succeeding meal not to take the edge from the appetite. Sitting up late at night, undue excitement, and activity just before retiring, will get almost any child into a nervous condition, and thus create a morbid state of the body, which will cause the appetite to crave unwholesome food. Early to bed is a safe rule for everybody, especially for the young, and if they wake early, very well, but by all means let them sleep their sleep out. Very rapid growers and nervous children require more food than those who attain their growth slowly and are lymphatic in their temperament. It seems to us almost cruel to wake a growing child out of sound sleep. As many parents depend on the services their children are able to render, if the boys and girls must be up early in the morning, they should be compelled to retire betimes.

WOMAN'S GOLDEN AGE.—It is generally supposed that the age when steel clad gentlemen tilted with long spears in honor of their dulcineas, was the golden age of ladies; but, on looking closely into the household annals of the days of chivalry, we discover that the "queens of love and beauty" for whom so many midrifts were transpierced and heads cloven, worked rather harder than modern domestics. Now and then they sat in state in galleries hung with "brodered tapestry, and saw cavaliers wearing their scarfs and mittens fight with other cavaliers who disputed the potency of their charms; but those gratifying spectacles were luxuries too expensive and dangerous to be common, and the ordinary routine of a "lady's" life in the Chivalric Era was at once monotonous and laborious. The stately countess spun, and carded, and wove, as industriously as any of her hand-maidens; served out bread to the poor on "loaf days," at the castle gate; shaped and helped to make her husband's and children's clothing and her own (for in those days tailors and dress-makers were few and far between); supervised the larder and the dairy; carried the ponderous keys of the establishment; and, in short, played to perfection the careful housewife in the stronghold of her lord; while he rode about the country with curtain axle at his saddle bow, and a long ashed skewer at his stirrup leather, in a chronic state of wolfishness, and ready to do battle for any cause, or no cause at all, with whomsoever it might or might not concern.

In this delightful modern era of fine ladyship, a fashionable woman has no cares or toils worth naming. She does not perform half the amount of useful labor in a year that a high-born dame of mediæval times accomplished every month of her life. Instead of hanks of flax, she spins gossiping yarns, her carding is done with bits of painted pasteboard; and if she weaves at all it is meshes for eligible young men, on her own account, if single—for the benefit of her daughters, if a matron. She has no objection to the poor being fed from her kitchen, perhaps, but, as to serving out bread to them with her own delicate hands, after the manner of the fair "bread dividers" of the olden time, she couldn't think of it. If her husband should wait for even the slightest of his garments until she found leisure to make them, the chances are that he would go shirtless to his dying day.

MASCULINE DISADVANTAGES.

Some one has been writing on masculine disadvantages, and points to the experiences of a school-boy as illustrative of the fact. "Can he," says this writer, "dodge his calculus by complaining of a sick headache, and breakfasting on toast and tea in bed? Can he slide over his untranslated Virgil by putting on a new coat, his most bewitching cravat, and curling his hair, and looking down when the grumpy old Prof. growls at him? Can tearful eyes and quivering lips and a sob or two condone in his case for a forbidden correspondence? Then look at the partiality shown the 'sweet girl graduates.' The reporters rhapsodize over their 'gracefulness,' their 'queenliness,' their 'musical voices,' and give a reportorial part or two to their inaudible little platitudes; and in the next day's paper figure some *bons mots* from their sparkling essays. Nobody dilates on the 'majesty,' the 'kingliness,' the 'Apollo-like charms,' of the young gentlemen graduates. They stand up there and bravely address the audience, conscious all the time, to the very centre of their beings, that their hands are big and red, that there is one lock of hair that will stick straight up, and that those coat-sleeves will pull up."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

PLAIN BREAD RUSKS.—Bake some dinner rolls, and while warm tear them in two and put into a cool oven to dry till perfectly crisp and of a bright brown. These rusks are always served at breakfast with chocolate or cocoa.

TEA CAKES OR LOAVES.—Time, half or three-quarters of an hour. 1 egg, 2 ounces butter, 1 pound flour, 2 or 3 knobs of sugar. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar pounded, and mix it with 1 beaten egg. It will make 2 small loaves for tea or breakfast.

JUDGES' BISCUITS.—Break 6 eggs into a bowl, beat for 5 minutes; add 1 pound fine white sugar and beat 10 minutes; add caraway seeds and 1 pound of sifted flour. Mix thoroughly, drop the mixture on paper in small cakes, heaping them in the middle; sift sugar over and bake.

PLAIN.—Boil a piece of veal until tender, cut it into strips 3 inches long, put it in the pot with liquor with which it is boiled, and 1 teacup rice, 3 pounds veal; season with salt, pepper, butter, and sweet herbs; stew gently until the rice is tender and water nearly gone. Add curry powder as you like.

BUNS FOR BREAKFAST.—To 1 pint of yeast add 1 pint lukewarm milk, 8 ounces dissolved butter, 6 ounces powdered sugar, and 4 well-beaten eggs; mix by degrees with these as much flour as will form a stiff batter, fill the bun-tins, and set them before the fire to rise for half an hour, then bake for 20 minutes.

BOILED PEASE.—They should be fresh when cooked, and boiled in just enough water to cover them, which should be salted, and boiling when the pease are put in. Do not cover the vessel while they are cooking, which ought not to be longer than twenty minutes, unless they are old. Drain off all the water; add a little cream and a small piece of butter.

COMMON PANCAKES.—Time, 5 minutes. 3 eggs, 1 pint of milk, sufficient flour to make a batter, a pinch of salt and a little nutmeg. Beat 3 eggs and stir them into a pint of milk, add a pinch of salt and sufficient flour to make it into a thick, smooth batter; fry them in boiling fat, roll them over on each side, drain and serve them very hot, with lemon and sugar.

SNOW PANCAKES.—4 ounces flour, a quarter of a pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg and a pinch of salt; sufficient flour to make thick batter and 3 large spoons of snow to each pancake. Make a stiff batter with these ingredients, divide into any number of pancakes and add 3 large spoons of snow to each. Fry them lightly in very good butter, and serve quickly.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Time, three-quarters of an hour. 1 ounce butter, 1 pint milk, 2 spoonfuls yeast, 1 egg, a little salt, 1 1/2 pounds flour. Warm the butter in half a pint of milk; add a little salt, one egg well beaten, and 2 spoonfuls yeast, and mix in a pound and a half of flour. Let it rise an hour and a half, knead it well, make it into rolls, and bake them in a quick oven on tin.

BROWN BREAD.—Time, 1 to 2 hours, according to weight. 3 parts second flour, the 4th part of rye; a little milk; and the right proportion of water. Take 3 parts second flour, and the 4th part of rye; lay it one night in a cool place and the next morning work it up, with a little milk added to the water. Set it at a proper distance from the fire to rise, and then make into loaves and bake.

SALLY LUNN CAKES.—Mix 2 tablespoons light yeast into a pint of warm new milk, or cream if you wish the cakes very good; rub 4 ounces of butter into 2 pounds of flour; stew into it half a teaspoon of salt, then pour in the milk gradually, beating up the batter with a wooden spoon as you proceed; add the yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten, and when smoothly mixed let it rise an hour before the fire; then fill your cake tins, and bake 15 to 20 minutes in a quick oven.

POTATO BREAD.—Time to bake, 1 1/2 to 2 hours. 2 1/2 pounds mealy potatoes, 7 pounds flour, quarter of a pint of yeast, 2 ounces salt. Boil 2 1/2 pounds of nice mealy potatoes till fluffy, rub and mash them smooth, then mix them with sufficient cold water to let them pass through a coarse sieve, and any lump that remains must be again mashed and pressed through. Mix this paste with the yeast and then add it to the flour. Set it to rise, knead it well, and make it into a stiff, tough dough.

DOUGHNUTS.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into a pound of flour, add 6 ounces sugar and half a grated nutmeg; stir in 3 well-beaten eggs and a dessertspoon of yeast, mix with a little warm milk; then add as much more warm milk as will make it into a light smooth dough; let it stand to rise half an hour, then roll it out; cut it into small fancy shapes and fry in abundance of butter or lard a fine brown color; drain them well, and sift over them powdered sugar.

PEA SOUP.—To every quart of unshelled peas allow two quarts of water, in which boil the empty pods half an hour; remove, strain, add one pint cold water, place over the fire, and put in two pounds of beef cut in small pieces; boil slowly one hour, and if not enough water, add some boiling hot; put in the pease, and if the meat is not desired in the soup, remove it; boil half an hour and ten minutes before serving; add two tablespoonfuls of rice flour stirred smoothly in half a teacupful of new milk; stir frequently to prevent the flour from scorching.

A LOVE THAT WAS PURE.

She was only eight, and I was ten,
Down by the brook in the valley;
But then we thought we were women and men
As we wandered down the valley.
Did you ever read the entrancing story
Of sweet Virginia and her lover Paul?
We acted it all in the summer glory,
Under the pines by the waterfall.

Oh, there's something pure in this childish love
That never may come thereafter,
When the robin will nestle along with the dove,
And the raven will croak with laughter;
For the raven is wise and cautious, be sure,
He mates for a settlement—sharp old raven—
But we little prattlers, not looking before,
Thought we were married and dwelling in Heaven.

This childish love! Why, perhaps, after all,
'Tis the only love that is really pure,
Too pure for the earth since the Eden fall,
Too bright, too beautiful to endure.
Yet I sit and dream of that innocent love,
And see her face in its shower of brown hair,
And I know that her spirit is happy above,
And her form in the grave—oh, I wish I were there!
For the longer we live the more unprepared
Are we for the change that will come in due time;
And we doubt if the Heaven that childhood has shared
Shall be ours at the last in that wonderful clime.

WHY I EXCHANGED

Some five years ago I was a subaltern in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this we had, occasionally, to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half imprisonment.

It is one of the regulations of the service that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on parade in a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat and strapped down at the heels; a lounge in an arm chair, or probably a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, is the extent of rest which an officer on guard is supposed to indulge in.

Among my brother subalterns in garrison it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of our duty had been accomplished we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armor, and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp bed that was placed in the inner guard-room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentries during the night, the time for visiting them being usually an hour or so after the field officer had visited the guard; the field officer being colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to see the guards and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact limit to the number of times that the field officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom, for him to come once by day and once by night, so that after the last visit the subalterns usually waited an hour or so, walked round the limits of his post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was a bitter cold morning in January that my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to the post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field officer had visited me. The previous evening I had been at a ball in town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze.

At length I heard the welcome challenge, "Who comes there?" which was answered by the response, "Grand rounds," and "Guard, turn out!" was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in an hour afterwards I should be in the arms of the god of sleep.

Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard and received the field officer, who briefly asked me if everything was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard, and rode off without saying "Good-night," a proceeding that I thought rather formal.

Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries I threw myself into my arm chair and tried to read a novel. The time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night, the wind blowing hard, whilst the snow and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard-room, where I treated myself to a stiff glass of grog, and throwing off my regimentals

I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury.

In a few moments I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair partners of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten.

At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that I was on guard, and that something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there.

The sergeant answered in a great hurry, saying, "Sir, the field officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out."

I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet, thrust my sword-arm into my large regimental cloak, which I pulled over me, jammed my forage cap on my head, and, gasping my sword, looked to the outward observer as though "fit for parade."

I was just in time to receive the field officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered, rather in a tone of surprise, and said: "Yes, sir, all correct."

I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak and exhibited the slightest taste in life in the end of the night-shirt, I know not; but the field officer, instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction and said:

"Now, sir, I want you to accompany me around the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to accompany him to the regions below I should scarce have been more horror-struck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a warm room, and the outside air—and to walk two miles on a windy, frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night-shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country, and no mistake.

I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for only five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on our tour of inspection.

The field officer asked several questions connected with the position and duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas-lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my undergarments. Every now and then an extra gust of wind would come round a corner, and quite defeat all the precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shades as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field officer's horse, as I slunk behind him when the gale might have revealed too much.

It was terribly cold, to be sure, the wind and snow almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope that the field officer might think that I belonged to a Highland regiment, and if he did observe the scantiness of my attire, might believe that the Kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on, knowing that all things must have an end, and that my "rounds" must come to an end before long. But I feared that I could not again get warm during the night.

We had nearly completed our tour, and were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room, when we passed the field officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and to hear the sound of music. It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble from a sort of instinct, that even worse misfortune was yet to attend me.

My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door my persecutor, in a cheerful tone, said:

"Well, we've had a cold tour; you must come in and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a waltz will warm you."

"I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man—the guard will be all right; you must come in."

This "must" he said in quite a determined tone.

I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard. "I'll take the responsibility," said the demon; "so come along," saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters.

When we entered the house and were exposed to the light of the hall lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament, and wished to have his joke. He gave no other intimation, however, that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said, "Come, look alive; off with it."

Further remonstrance I found would be useless, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning my courage, and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out, "Colonel, I've no trousers on."

"The deuce you haven't!" he said. "Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible, and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of the quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half-drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed myself than the colonel came over to say that a quadrille was waiting for me. I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing-room, where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers that my story was known.

The colonel had told it as a good joke to the major, who had whispered it to his wife, she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his night-shirt.

As long as I stayed in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain a serious answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon. They even seemed to be afraid to dance with me, fearing, as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be deficient in some article of raiment.

I soon exchanged and went into another regiment, and years afterwards I heard my own adventure related in a crowded drawing-room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the prisoner—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fall.

I never went to bed on guard after that night.

CŒUR DE LION.

On a lovely summer morning a troop of horsemen was passing through the country in which lay a portion of the Hartz Mountains. Three noble-looking men rode forward, evidently the leaders of the troop which followed. The middle horseman was dressed as a minstrel, and on his face was an expression of deep pain and anxiety. Suddenly he stopped his horse to catch the note of a shepherd singing in a far-off field. No sooner was the song finished than he dashed towards the astonished singer.

"My boy, sing that again! See, I have gold for you."

"'Tis a song I love," said the boy, as he took the gold and recommenced his music.

"Now, tell me, lad," said the minstrel, "who taught you that song?"

"I dare not tell," replied the boy, as he glanced with suspicion at the knight.

"Aye! But you must tell me! No harm shall come to you! See, here is more gold for you."

"I have heard it sung in the castle of Triefels, near which I often feed my sheep."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the minstrel, bursting into tears as he knelt on the ground. "How wondrous are thy ways!"

His companions approached him with amazement to hear him exclaim, "We have found him! On to Triefels!"

After the excitement of their supposed discovery had abated, they decided first, to get a view of the fortress, and then mature their plans for getting within it. The shepherd boy, who was to guide them thither, told them no strangers were allowed to cross the draw-bridge, and the keeper was imperious and unsociable. Soon the towers of Triefels glittered in the sun, and after a careful survey of its surroundings they moved away for further deliberation.

"My friends," said the knight, "in my minstrel's dress I must try alone to gain admission to the castle. Meanwhile this boy will find you lodgings in the hamlet below. If our noble king is imprisoned here we must release him."

Thus saying, and with one servant to bear his shield and harp, he rode to the bridge and demanded foot and shelter for himself and servant. After much parley he was received; but very ungraciously. However, within these dreary walls he found a beautiful woman, the keeper's niece, whose smiles were like the warm sunlight on a winter's day.

After dinner the minstrel sung to the drowsy uncle and the charming niece. As the former, after a while, seemed to sleep soundly, the knight began.

"You seem to like music, fair lady! But surely you do not often hear it in this lonely castle."

"No! only myself and one poor prisoner sing."

"A prisoner?"

"Yes; and he must be of gentle birth! But I dare not say more, lest my uncle wake. He will be angry if I talk of him."

"Tell me one thing, dear maiden, can I hear the song of this one, who sings for freedom?"

"Yes, if you listen, to-night; his melancholy brings the tears to my eyes often enough!"

Just now, the old keeper awoke, and giving orders to lead the stranger to his apartment, he himself went out. When our knight entered his chamber, he went to the window, and vainly strove, through the deepening twilight, to find the tower in which he supposed his dear king to be. Soon, a melancholy voice was heard singing these words:

"The golden stars wander over hills and valley, messengers of my longings and my griefs. In this gloomy prison I pass my life and can only confide my woes to Heaven."

"Oh! my king!" sobbed the knight, as a pale

face appeared at a tower window. "How can I tell you how near your friends are?"

"The harp!" he cried suddenly and snatching it up, with trembling fingers, he played a romance which he had once composed for the king.

"No sooner had he finished a few bars than a voice in the tower caught up the air and finished it. "Blondel!" exclaimed the king. For answer, the minstrel again seized the harp and sang:

"Oh, Richard! oh my king,
The world abandons thee,
And no one now is seeking
Thy deliverance but me,
I'll save thy precious person.
I will break thy cruel chain,
I pledge myself in song
Thy freedom to regain."

Blondel spent the night in laying plans for the deliverance of Richard. He resolved to gain admittance into the castle for his followers through his friendship with the lovely girl, who had already made an impression on his heart.

Within a day or two the newly elected Emperor was to be crowned at Frankfurt. On the evening of the coronation, he directed the landlord of the little inn near Triefels to give to the garrison of the castle a banquet, that with proper ceremony they might drink to the health of the new monarch. Meanwhile, one by one his own trusty knights stole through the twilight to the woods behind the castle.

At a late hour of the evening the little side-gate of the fortress opened, as the young maiden cautiously stole out to meet Blondel.

Then for the first time he unfolded to her the real object of his meeting with her, entreating her to fly back to England with the King, whom he was about to liberate, and himself, assuring her that tokens of love and gratitude should be shown her if she would yield to his wish.

With a cry of astonishment and pain she exclaimed, "Oh, traitor, oh, woe! my poor uncle!" As she turned to fly within the castle walls, the followers of Blondel—who, in the darkness, had approached unperceived—flocked about her, and made their way to the castellan's room, where the tower keys were kept. The few defenders of the fortress who were not at the village feast were soon overpowered. The old keeper was powerless to do aught; but he cried out, as the liberated Richard stood before him: "Against this deed, contrary to the law of nations, I protest and swear that you shall not leave Germany in safety!" The poor maiden threw herself upon her knees, and accused herself the cause of this terrible disaster.

Meanwhile, the report of the attack upon the castle had reached the inn, and the warriors came back in hot haste to find themselves barred outside the walls, with a threat, if they did not disperse the castellan should lose his head and the castle be destroyed.

Blondel and the king urged the maiden to return with them to England, but she could not forgive the man who had used her heart for an act of treason.

Blondel left her, but not until she had accepted a ring and chain of gold in token of his remembrance of her love and service towards him. We do not propose to follow the fortunes of Cœur de Lion after his escape from Triefels, but to tell our readers what tradition says of the minstrel Blondel and the unhappy maiden. Many, many years after the events which we have described and on another summer day, a gray-haired cavalier rode over the same mountain pass, where the King had been sought and found.

"Here," murmured he, "here have I felt in days gone by the highest bliss and the deepest woe of my life!" Slowly he rode till he had reached the little inn.

As he looked into the face of the landlord he discovered the features of the young shepherd boy. With an almost tender interest the two (one of whom was Blondel) talked of the past.

In tears the now old minstrel learnt the sad fate of the castellan and his niece. He was killed by some hidden hand after the flight of Richard was discovered. The broken-hearted maiden entered a convent near Baden, where henceforth her life and history were lost to the world.

None can visit this ancient ruin of Triefels without a melancholy interest as they recall the dreary prison life of the great King Richard, the touching romance of the minstrel-knight Blondel, and the lovely, loving maiden, over whose story centuries have now rolled.

A GERMAN paper contains a reply from a clergyman who was travelling, and who stopped at an hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to have clergymen at his table, looked at him with surprise; the clerks used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark in self-defence. The worthy clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him:

"Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said against you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE SPANIARDS SAY: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal; but at thirty to anybody who will have her."

A KEEN OBSERVER of human nature and the human countenance says that that woman looks oldest who tries the hardest to conceal her age.

AN ELOPEMENT BATTLE.—Recently a young man named Madden eloped with the daughter of a Mr. Boothe, living near Mount Olivet, Ky., and started for the Gretna Green of that section, Aberdeen. The enraged parent soon discovered the escapade and started in pursuit, and, alas for true love! overtook them near Bridgeville, when a running fight ensued in which one of the party, a relative of the would-be-groom, also named Madden, was shot in the forehead, the ball running round the skull, coming out behind the ear. The father of the young lady received a shot in the side, inflicting a slight flesh wound; his horse, however, was wounded in two or three places. The recreant lover fled to the bushes, and the young lady returned home with her father. Young Madden went to Georgetown, had his wounds dressed, and at last accounts was doing well.

BEASTS BATTLING WITH THE SEA.—A correspondent, describing the wreck of the steamer Agra, off Galle, bound from Calcutta to London via the Suez canal, says that, after the vessel struck on the rocks the passengers and crew had barely time to escape into the boats, as the seas came tumbling over the sides, sweeping everything before them, carrying away one poor invalid sailor, and bursting open the cages and dens of an extensive menagerie on board, going home for the Zoological Gardens. The escape and striking out amid the waves of a crowd of tigers, elephants, &c., and their roars and screams adding to the terror of the wretched passengers, presented a spectacle that will not soon be forgotten. One elephant managed to swim ashore, as did one of the inhabitants of the adjacent coast, who are said to be living in a state of siege, not daring to venture outside their barricaded doors. The Agra, which sank in deep water, belonged to the Red Cross Line of steamers, plying between Calcutta and London, and was to have taken a number of passengers home from Ceylon.

A TRUE BILL.—Some days since a well-dressed couple, in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and, sending for a justice of the peace, informed that functionary that they wished to be married. The justice said, "All right," and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him that he had performed the same service for the lady once before. Upon inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said she had been married previously. "Have you a bill from your former husband?" asked Mr. Justice. "Yes," she replied, "I have a bill." This being satisfactory, the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared "man and wife." As they were about departing, the Justice, who had never seen a "bill of divorce," and having a strong desire to behold the document, thought, this an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He, therefore, said to the lady: "Have you the bill with you?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Have you any objection to allowing me to see the bill?" said our friend. "None whatever," she replied, stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said: "Here, Bill, come here quick; here is a gentleman that wishes to see you." The gentleman wilted.

SWIMMING FEAT.—An interesting swimming exhibition seems to have taken place at the City of London Baths, Golden Lane, London, recently. The original programme only included some "fancy performances" by "the champion swimmer of London," and some swimming contests, but in the end the visitors present joined in the "fancy performances" by themselves tumbling into the water. While the company were applauding vehemently the graceful feats of some youthful swimmers, a considerable portion of the platform gave way, and about forty of the visitors were submerged in the baths. The scene was at first of the most painful description. Hats and other articles of clothing were seen floating on the surface of the water, but the forty spectators had disappeared, and for one terrible moment apprehensions were entertained that they were gone forever. In a few seconds, however, "with pale faces and bent bodies, two elderly-looking gentlemen clasping each other round the waist walked slowly from the water," and gradually the rest of their companions emerged from the bath to the great relief of all who witnessed the catastrophe. All's well that ends well, and, doubtless, as matters turned out, everybody present spent a most enjoyable evening; but it might be as well the next time a swimming exhibition takes place at this establishment that the platform should be made secure, for, as the nights get colder and winter draws on, the immersion of the spectators can hardly fail to be followed by colds or rheumatic attacks, which will more than counterbalance the pleasures of their entertainment.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.—A scene in real life, which might serve a Dumas or a Poe with material for a thrilling story were either of these sensational novelists still living, took place one day last week in the insane asylum at Taunton, Mass. An old lady of eighty, from Providence, went with her daughter to see her son, who has for some time been confined there for insanity from the effects of a wound received during the war. On arriving there the mother was shown into the reception room, and one or two patients and the son were brought into the

same room, when the attendant went out and locked the door. There happened to be in the room at the time a lady who had gone there expecting to secure the release of her husband, but for some reason he could not be discharged on that day. This was a great disappointment to the wife, but the effect upon the husband, when she told him, was terrible. He raged and tore round the room in perfect fury, when the son of the old lady from Providence, who had been quiet up to this time, became alarmed and attacked the infuriated husband. A deadly struggle ensued, and the feelings of the ladies, shut up in a room with two infuriated insane persons, and unable to escape, can hardly be imagined. After a severe tussle the husband seized a club, cut the forehead of the son, making a frightful gash, from which the blood flowed copiously, and then catching him by the throat, he choked him till his face turned purple. He would have killed him, but the old lady, seeing her son's danger, went to the rescue, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in making the husband loose his hold. Fortunately the attendant came in, and a stop was put to the proceedings, though it required five men to secure the disappointed and infuriated man.

MARRYING BY LETTER.—It is not generally known that the late George N. Sanders was formerly a resident of Cincinnati, or its immediate vicinity. About the year 1838, and for some few years previous, George N. Sanders was one of the beaux of Cincinnati society. Of commanding presence and fine education, he was destined to shine in any position in life. But this is not our purpose to speak. We rather will deal with the tenderer side of his nature. He sought the hand of a beautiful young lady, now the wife of one of our principal dry goods merchants, and was rejected. He was not, however, to be baffled so easily. He took considerable pride in some fancy stock he was selling on his farm near the city, and as a compliment to the young lady above mentioned, and probably to advance his interests in that quarter, named a fine young Alderney cow for her, and, at considerable expense, had a celebrated artist of that day paint a portrait of the bovine creature, and presented it to the object of his affections with his compliments. It did not have the desired effect, though; for the lady returned the picture, and, as a retaliatory measure, named a fine Berkshire boar, raised on her father's place, "George N. Sanders." For a year or two Mr. Sanders was quite inconsolable, and to mention a Berkshire pig in his presence was enough to arouse his ire and cause a suspension of acquaintance with him. He shortly after subscribed to a journal or magazine, entitled "The Passion Flower," published in New York, and became so deeply interested in the editorials, which were of a high order of merit, that he opened a correspondence with the editor, Miss Reed, which eventually became a courtship by letter, and ended in their union, although up to the very day they were married they had never laid eyes on each other.

A LOSING GAME.—A party of such gamblers as frequent nearly all Western railroad cars went aboard of Conductor Wilsey's train, on the Michigan Southern road recently; and the Detroit Free Press gives a characteristic description of how they fared: At the depot they got in with an old man named Fremont, who lives in Pittsburgh and was on his way home. They pretended to live in Pittsburgh also, and soon after getting on board the train they brought out their cards. Fremont is one of those smart old chaps who think themselves posted, and he knew the game and decided to make some money out of them. He lost \$5, then \$10, and between Detroit and the Junction, \$55. This was all he had, but his blood was up, and he hauled out a heavy gold watch to stake on the next bet, when the conductor passed along. Seeing what was going on, Wilsey told the old man to put up his watch. At this one of the gamblers snatched it, saying, "I have won this," and then looked up at the conductor with a face full of brass. The train had been at a standstill, and as it started the conductor pulled the signal to stop and turned to the gamblers and demanded that they give Fremont back his watch and money. "Not by a sight," they shouted in chorus. Wilsey "shed" his coat for business, and all the ladies in the car got up and ran out. "Ah! ha!" said one of the gamblers, as the conductor's coat came off, "this is better!" and he pulled out a revolver and lined it on Wilsey's eye. "Commence shooting!" replied the conductor, an out came his own shooting-iron, and for twenty seconds two revolvers were held up into two men's faces, hammers up and fingers on the triggers. The two other gamblers began to feel for their hip pockets, when Wilsey quietly said, "If you don't hold up your hands I'll blow the top of your head off." They quit feeling, and at that moment a Cleveland merchant and a Toledo lake captain came up, each with a cocked revolver, and demanded to be counted "in." At this the gamblers offered to restore the watch, and when they had done so the conductor made them return the full \$55. "Now, then," said he, when he was through with them, "get off this train! I shall remember you, and if I ever catch one of you on my train again I'll have the engineer run her up to sixty miles an hour and my brakemen will pitch you into the first swamp!" The fellows were ready to go, and as each one passed through the door a piece of calfskin and sole leather struck him under the coat-tails with full swing, materially assisting him to reach the platform with the least possible delay. The ladies were then recalled, revolvers put up, and the train went ahead.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PROTECT CHEST AND SHOULDERS.—Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of the chest and back from the cold is too generally practised, especially among the ladies. To cover the chest alone, most carefully, is not enough; there should be a thick covering between the shoulders.

HOW TO AVOID A COLD.—If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism, with the agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the most practical importance, then, in wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold as how to avoid it. Cold always comes from one cause—some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise or work, or from confinement in a warm apartment.

EATING WHEN SICK.—It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now what can you eat?" Every one has heard of the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion when he was engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece." "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away; pa is sick." When a young man has unfitted in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something! People cannot live without food?" Then comes toast and tea, &c. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating or food than a faded horse needs a whip. What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation, when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread with cold water for drink. If such a policy were generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession. How many physicians would lack for patients.

PROGRESS OF PATENTS.—The following were the number of applications for patents made to the principal governments of the world in the year 1872, as given in the published statistics of the British Patent office:

	Number of Patents Applied for in
United States	18,243
France	4,872
Great Britain	3,970
Belgium	1,921
Austria	922
Canada	871
Italy	521
Saxony	259
Sweden and Norway	200
Bavaria	164
Württemberg	141
Baden	113
British India	71
Victoria	60
Prussia	58
New South Wales	42
British Guiana (allowed)	28
Cape of Good Hope, from 1860 to 1869	18
New Zealand	18
Mauritius	11
Ceylon	5
Tasmania	5
Jamaica	4

THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.—That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The casebook of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed his duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—Chambers' Journal.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A VERMONT girl sent a postal card to her "feller" on which was written: "You nedunt kum enny moar."

MRS. PARTINGTON will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when he was a child, and it nearly killed him.

THE Albany girls have inaugurated a new way of paying for the music at their dances. They all kiss the fiddler. Hundreds of young men are all taking lessons on the violin.

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear on the following evening in three pieces."

BARNUM wants to get a nightmare to exhibit at his museum. Let him eat a mincepie, three sausages, a dozen pickles, a plate of salad, and a few pigs' feet at midnight, and go at once to bed. He will get one of the animals in two hours or less.

A STONE-CUTTER received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead, if she had life till nex friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stan, all tings is impossible mit God."

ON the 4th April, 1855, a gentleman on horseback, a native of Aberdeen, was passing through that city, with his servant behind him. "John," said the gentleman, "do you like eggs?" "Yes, sir," said John. There the conversation ended. On the same day next year, master and servant were again passing through Aberdeen on their return. "John," said the gentleman, "how?" "Poached," replied John, instantly.

As a professor was passing out of his recitation-room the other day, a freshman dropped slyly into his hat a piece of paper, on which was written, "Monkey." Ticked with his joke, he told it to all his student friends. But at his next recitation, the professor addressed his division in his sweetest tones:—"Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday, one of your number did me the very high honor of leaving with me his card."

THE other day, at a concert in the Champs Elysees, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found sure enough where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting upon it. "Madame," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blandest manner, "Oh, I beg pardon, I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A VIRGINIA city (Nevada) man is said to have invented an ingenious plan of keeping his house clear of insurance agents and similar nuisances. On each side of the path leading to his door he has fixed several sections of water pipe filled with small holes, and on the approach of a suspicious character a tap is turned, and instantly numerous jets of water enfilade the path in all directions, and effectually keep the invader at a safe distance.

A MATCH FOR THEM ALL.—A celebrated doctor, celebrated almost as much for love of good living as for his professional skill, called upon a certain eccentric nobleman, whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time the doctor, receiving no invitation to partake of it, said: "My dear lord, if I were in your lordship's place, I should say, 'Pray, doctor, do as I am doing!'"

"A thousand pardons for the omission," replied his lordship. "Pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing—go home and eat your dinner!"

A HARD RIDE.—The Colonel, it seems had been recommended to take horseback exercise, for the benefit of his health, by his physician, and accordingly applied at a well-known stable for the animal.

"I want a regular trotting-horse, to ride for my health this afternoon."

"Certainly, Colonel," said the polite proprietor, "a horse to ride for health," and, judging from the customer's physique, gave him one of the hardest trotting horses in the establishment, upon which Barnes mounted and bumped off towards the country.

In about three hours he returned, covered with dust and perspiration, and, with the assistance of one of the hostlers, slowly and painfully dismounted from his steed.

Limping into the stable office, and holding on to the lower part of his back with one hand, he looked into the stable-keeper's inquiring face, and ejaculated simply:

"How much?"

"Three dollars, Colonel," was the reply. He slowly drew his wallet, and laid down the required sum.

"Shall you want the horse again to-morrow, Colonel?"

"No, I shan't want him to-morrow."

"Perhaps the day after to-morrow?"

"No, I shan't want him any more at all."

"Indeed!" said the stable-keeper, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as he noticed Barnes holding on to his lacerated body; "perhaps the horse don't suit you."

"Oh, yes," said Barnes, quickly, "there's nothing the matter with the horse, he's all right. It's the price I object to."

"Price!" said the stable-keeper, "why, I only charged you three dollars, Colonel, which we consider cheap for the services of the horse all the afternoon."

"Well, I don't," squealed Barnes, rubbing his aching body, "for whenever I want anything of this kind again, I know an Irishman who will kick my behind all day for half the money."

OUR PUZZLER.

157. ENIGMA.

White as milk, soft as silk,
A little flower am I;
Touched with green, in spring-time seen,
A tear-drop in my eye,
Little gem, sweet diadem,
Thus to answer why—
May foretell an immortelle—
Your true purity!
Lying there, so meekly fair,
Through rain and storm still teaching,
Simple flower, thou hast a power,
Beyond most preacher's preaching.

158. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An animal; a mountain range; to make happy; a city of China; an attempt.
2. An animal; a town in Norrland; a Swedish island; tight; a name of Pluto.
3. An animal; a mountain in Spain; a French town; to cheer; subsequent.

159. CHARADE.

I.
My first is nutrition,
My second permission,
My total, you see,
A deep tragedy.

II.
My first is often full of wit;
My last a sound of death is heard;
My total, in a foreign clime,
The appellation of a bird.

160. PALINDROME.

Name an island and five towns, composed of not less than five letters each, which read backwards and forwards the same.

161. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First means to penetrate,
Second's a sweet singing bird.
A public speaker for my third.
Fourth is an English town.
A city in a foreign state.
These five words, if rightly placed,
The initials and finals both read down,
Two poets' names are surely traced.

162. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A birthplace of a famous navigator; to decree; a district of Cape Colony; a town in Spain; a mountain in the north-west of Africa.
2. An animal of South America; to affix to; to decrease; a measure; watchful.
3. A Lancashire town; a river of Chili; a town in the south of Spain; one of the Sandwich Isles; a town in Siberia.

163. CHARADE.

When people are in debt,
They generally first get
When missing the payments that are due.
For next, a number see,
As you're sure to find me.
Although what I tell you's quite true,
Before first can disgrace,
It must have whole on its face,
Or it could not be served upon you.

164. MEN OF LEARNING AND THEIR WORKS.

1. Lo! H. N. Phillip, of Yate, turn'd Jane R. Banks' cat icy in mineral; 2. Oh, Miss Gee! Mary sold pots and yells; 3. Dan R. Roper plant foxes at home in ale.

165. TRANSPOSITION.

If you a bird will transpose,
A portion of your frame it shows.

ANSWERS.

103. CHARADE.—Page ant.

104. SQUARE WORDS.—

1. HEART SAVED GRANT
EAGER ADELA RUNER
AGREE VENUS ANTRE
REDS BEUDE NERVE
TRESS RASER TREES

105. LOGOGRIPH.—Every, Ever, Very, Eve.

106. ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—

A = 9,600.
B = 6,400.
C = 3,200.

107. CHARADES.—1. Sun-shade; 2. Mankind.

108. SQUARE WORDS.—

1. JAMES EDRED EDGAR
ABOVE DRONE DOURO
MOREA ROODE GUSTO
EVENT ENDED ARTIS
SEATS DEEDS ROOST

109. CHARADE.—Words-worth.

110. PALINDROME.—C. I. V. I. C.—Clive.

111. LOGOGRIPHS.—Words, Sword.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, NOV. 8th, 1873.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 15.

White. Black.
1. B. to Q. 3rd 1. Any.
2. Mate.

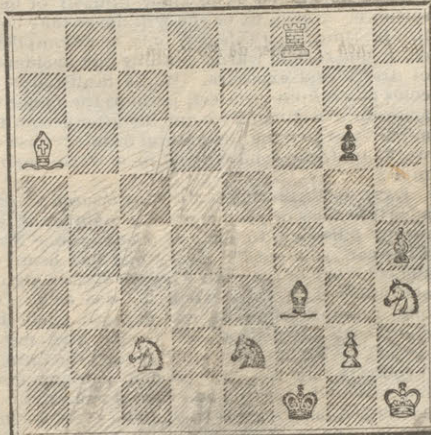
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 16.

White. Black.
1. B. to Q. Kt. 4th 1. B. takes B. (best)
2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd 2. Any.
3. Q. Kt. or P. mates.

PROBLEM NO. 17.

By T. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

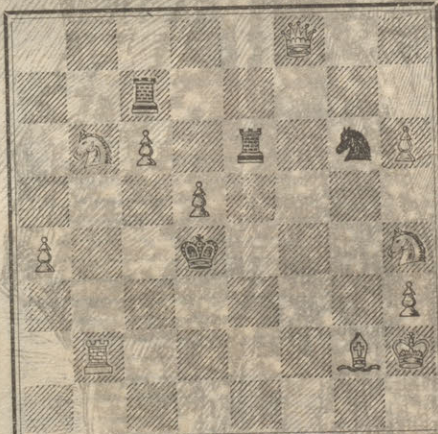
White to play and SELF-MATE in two moves.

Problems of this description are very interesting by way of variety, and afford equal exercise for the mind with those of ordinary character. For those who have not seen any of this kind, we may explain, that White moves first and in such a manner that on his second move he can force Black to check-mate the White King at his next move. As Black is compelled to check-mate White, these problems are called suicide-mates, or self-mates.

PROBLEM NO. 18.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

GAME NO. 11.

The following, illustrative of the opening we have under consideration, is one of the prettiest of Mr. Paul Morphy's blindfold games:

Petroff's Defence.

White. Black.
MORPHY. POTIER.
1. P. to K. 4th 1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
3. B. to Q. B. 4th

In Games 9 and 10 the attack here played 3 Kt. takes P. As for the present move little can be said about it further than that many strong players adopt it. It takes possession of the diagonal and aids in forming a strong centre.

3. Kt. takes K. P.
This is the usual move now-a-days, though some good players hesitate about taking the Pawn. If Black play 3. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd, we have the "Two Kt's Opening" brought about by a different order of moves.

4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd
This is Mr. Boden's suggestion, and is the move generally adopted to dispose of the Black Knight, though you may also play 4. P. to Q. 3rd with the same object, when Black retreats his Kt. to K. B. 3rd, Q. 3rd, or Q. B. 4th.

4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
There is a great difference of opinion as to the best move here. If 4. Kt. takes Kt.; 5. Q. P. takes Kt., and Black has not a piece in the field, while the attack gained by White is almost sufficient compensa-

tion for the lost Pawn. That move, however, is very often played. If 4. P. to Q. 4th, 5. B. takes P., Kt. to K. B. 3rd; &c.

5. Kt. takes P.

Winning back the Pawn.

6. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 5. P. to Q. 4th
6. B. to K. 2nd.
Probably quite as good a move as B. to Q. 3rd given by Staunton.

7. P. to Q. 4th. 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd
8. Castles. 8. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd
9. P. to K. B. 4th. 9. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd
10. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 10. P. to K. R. 4th
11. P. to K. B. 5th. 11. Q. to Q. B. 2nd
12. B. to K. B. 4th

The blindfold player, though contesting seven other games at the same moment, meets every attack of his opponent with a sufficient reply.

13. Q. R. to K. 1st 12. B. to Q. 3rd
13. Kt. to B. 1st

Black cannot castle with safety, on account of 14. Q. to Kt. 3rd, 15. B. to R. 6th.

14. Q. to Kt. 3rd. 14. P. to K. R. 5th.
If he had now played B. takes B. P., White could equally have checked at Kt. 6th, winning easily.

15. Kt. to K. Kt. 6th ch
At once frustrating all the designs of his opponent?

15. K. to Kt. 1st
16. B. takes B. 16. P. takes Q.
17. B. takes Q. 17. P. takes Kt.
18. B. P. takes P. 18. P. takes P. ch
19. K. to R. 1st 19. B. to K. Kt. 5th
20. R. to K. 7th 20. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd
21. B. to K. 5th 21. K. to B. 1st
22. R. to K. B. 7th ch 22. K. to Kt. 1st
23. Kt. takes P.

A remarkably beautiful combination, terminating the game in admirable style.

24. B. takes P. 23. P. takes Kt.
25. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 24. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd

And Black Resigns.

GAME NO. 12.

We have here the third and last game of a match played at Philadelphia between Messrs. G. Reichenhelm and Congdon, on the one side, and Messrs. Elson and Whiteman, on the other side:

Petroff's Defence.

Black. White.
MESSRS. R. & C. MESSRS. E. & W.
1. P. to K. 4th 1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
3. P. to Q. 4th

Mr. Petroff suggested this move, and though not so attacking as 3. Kt. takes P., it leads to many beautiful variations.

3. Kt. takes P.
Should he take the P. with P., the attack replies, 4. P. to K. 5th, when White's best move is, 4. Kt. to K. 5th.

4. B. to Q. 3rd 4. P. to Q. 4th
5. Kt. takes K. P. 5. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

Staunton in the Handbook gives as White's best move here, Kt. to Q. 3rd. The present move gives him all the advantages the other possesses and the Kt. is if anything better posted where he is.

6. Castles. 6. B. to K. 2nd.
7. B. to K. Kt. 5th 7. P. to K. R. 3rd
8. B. takes Kt. 8. B. takes B.
9. P. to K. B. 4th 9. B. takes Kt.
10. B. P. takes B.

And the attack has clearly the better opening.

10. Q. to K. R. 5th

A move more showy than useful; they have no reason to suppose their opponents will let them take the Q. P. to K. 5th, as nothing to be gained by making useless moves, which enable the opposing parties to develop their game.

11. P. to Q. B. 3rd 11. B. to K. 3rd
12. Kt. to Q. R. 3rd 12. P. to Q. B. 3rd
13. Q. to Q. 2nd

Preparing to dislodge the Q.

14. R. to K. B. 4th 13. Castles.
15. Q. R. to K. B. 1st 14. Q. to K. 2nd

Rooks when thus supporting each other are generally very powerful.

16. B. to Q. Kt. 1st 15. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
17. Q. to Q. 3rd 16. Q. to K. Kt. 4th
17. P. to K. B. 4th

Their best move to avoid the threatened mate.

18. Kt. to Q. B. 2nd. 18. R. to B. 2nd
19. Kt. to K. 3rd 19. Q. R. to K. B. 1st.

19. P. to K. Kt. 3rd would have been better.

20. Kt. takes B. P. 20. B. takes Kt.
21. R. takes B. 21. R. takes R.
22. R. takes R. 22. R. takes R.
23. Q. takes R. 23. Q. to Q. B. 8th ch
24. Q. to K. B. 1st 24. Q. to K. 6th ch

It is just possible White might have drawn now by exchanging Queens. If he take the Kt. P. Black wins by B. to K. Kt. 6th.

25. Kt. to R. 1st 25. Kt. to K. B. 1st
26. P. to K. R. 3rd 26. P. to Q. B. 4th
27. P. takes P. 27. Q. takes K. P.
28. Q. to B. 5th 28. Q. to K. 3rd
29. P. to Q. R. 3rd 29. P. to K. Kt. 3rd
30. Q. takes Q. 30. Kt. takes Q.
31. B. to Q. R. 2nd 31. Kt. to Q. B. 2nd

If he take the Pawn he would lose two for it.

32. K. to Kt. 1st 32. K. to B. 2nd
33. K. to B. 2nd 33. K. to K. 3rd
34. K. to K. 3rd 34. K. to K. 4th
35. P. to Q. R. 4th. 35. Kt. to K. 3rd
36. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 36. P. to Q. R. 3rd
37. B. to Q. Kt. 1st 37. P. to K. Kt. 4th
38. B. to Q. 3rd 38. P. to Q. R. 4th
39. B. to K. 2nd 39. P. takes P.
40. P. takes P. 40. P. to Q. 5th (ch)
41. K. to Q. 2nd 41. K. to Q. 4th
42. B. to K. Kt. 4th 42. Kt. to K. B. 5th
43. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 43. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd
44. B. to B. 3rd (ch) 44. K. to Q. B. 5th
45. B. takes P. 45. K. takes P.
46. P. to B. 6th.

And White wins.

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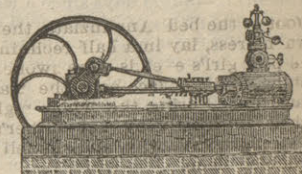
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